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REVIEWS.

Révolutions Historiques en réponse au livre de Lord Normanby, intitulé "A Year of Revolution in Paris," ouvrage d'abord publié en Anglais par l'auteur, et dans la traduction Française faite par lui-même augmenté de près du double. Par Louis Blanc. 12mo. (Bruxelles: Méline, Cans, et Cie.)

Le parti républicain et l'amnistie. Par Louis Blanc. 12mo. (Bruxelles: Méline, Cans, et Cie.)

LORD NORMANBY, who occupied the important post of English ambassador in Paris during the Revolution of 1848, published some little time ago a book which attracted considerable notice, less from any great merit it possessed, than from the very *sans façon* manner with which his lordship treated, on one hand, the government of Louis Philippe, and on the other, the revolutionary party. "A Year of Revolution in Paris"—such was the name of the work we are now alluding to—was generally admitted by the most competent judges to be merely a rather voluminous and tedious pamphlet, containing misstatements of every description, swarming with the most glaring inaccuracies, and sacrificing to the glorification of M. de Lamartine all the other persons who had taken any part in the momentous events of February. Now, the Provisional Government which assumed the guidance of public affairs immediately after the downfall of the Orleans dynasty, and, with that government, the whole of the republican party, was formed of various sections and component elements, whose sole bond of union may be described as the anxiety for reforms and the hatred of monarchical institutions. M. Proudhon, M. Enfantin, M. Armand Marrast, M. de Lamartine entertained respectively, on a number of essential questions, opinions which raised between them almost as great a barrier as between the whole republican coterie and the Legitimists and Orleanists. Why should M. Proudhon be misrepresented for the purpose of exalting M. Marrast? Why should M. de Lamartine's merits be turned into a whip wherewith to scourge M. Louis Blanc? Let us have fair play, at all events, and hear the opposite sides of the argument!

Accordingly the most accredited representative of French Socialism, the man with whose name the famous *Commission du Luxembourg* will always be connected, M. Louis Blanc in one word, has taken up the cudgels against Lord Normanby, and refuted the late ambassador's "Year of Revolution" in a couple of volumes, which, after having in the first instance been published under an English form, now appear translated into French, and enlarged by nearly an equal amount. We shall proceed at once to examine this new work a little in detail.

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We must frankly acknowledge here that the "*Histoire de Dix Ans*" had left on our mind a very unfavourable idea of the impartiality which M. Louis Blanc professes to maintain. He is quite right in denouncing Lord Normanby as prejudiced, unfair, inaccurate; he can in all truth speak of "*les bavardages venimeux et les calomnies de seconde main qu'il a plu à sa seigneurie de servir au public en guise de souvenirs historiques*;" but then why should our republican author have laid himself open to the same charge, in giving us his account of a reign which secured to the French people a greater amount of liberty than they ever enjoyed since, even under the palmy days of the "*Gouvernement Provisoire*?" However, our critique must not be retrospective; and, let us add here that M. Louis Blanc's appreciation of his late Majesty Louis Philippe, although still too severe, is far from those stupid and furious denunciations which we used to read twenty years ago in the *National* and other newspapers of the same opinion.

The persons who have been led to consider M. de Lamartine as the *Deus ex machina*, the providence of France, during the late revolution, will feel somewhat disappointed when they see the description given of him by his colleague of the "*Gouvernement Provisoire*." The picture is of course a little overdrawn, but still we think that the main features in it are true. Flattery was for M. de Lamartine both the means of success and the food of his daily life. A little outburst of rhetoric, timely administered, obtained for him the results he desired; and on the other hand he could not, in spite of his real merit and superiority, stand the test of that species of *flagornerie* to which men of genius are so often exposed. "*La flatterie prodiguée à propos*," says M. Louis Blanc, "*est un artifice familier aux hommes qui ont une grande réputation à soigner*." Acting in accordance with this axiom, M. de Lamartine aimed at becoming the idol of the multitude, and the consequence speedily followed. Blinded by success, he soon found himself thwarted by the bold and uncompromising natures which met him at the onset of his new career, whilst he was completely taken in by others who, more clever than he was, made him their tool at the very time when he thought he had fastened them to his triumphal car. Whilst venturing upon these reflections we do not for one minute

wish to detract in the slightest degree from the services which M. de Lamartine rendered to the cause of order in the midst of all the anxieties of 1848; on several occasions his eloquence prevented the most serious riots, and re-established peace when the very existence of society had nearly become a problem; but we would merely point here to the trifling influences which not unfrequently sway the mind of an excitable nation, and to the real power which those men possess whom Napoleon I. disdainfully designated as *avocats and idéologues*.

The twenty-second chapter and following of M. Louis Blanc's second volume are peculiarly interesting as containing an account of the terrible days of June. General Cavaignac, who was appointed dictator at a most awful crisis, has often been reproached for indecision at first, and afterwards for the avowed design of establishing military despotism; he is severely handled by our historian. We cannot enter here upon a full discussion of the causes which brought about the insurrection, and of the tragical episodes which marked it; but it is quite evident, from the facts collected by M. Louis Blanc himself, that a democratic form of government under such circumstances could not be of long duration. What fraction of the republicans was to have the preference? M. Cabet's adherents, or the followers of M. Emile Thomas? It is not necessary by any means to lay at the door of the Socialists the blame of a civil war in which their adversaries had at least an equal share, and while it strikes us as essentially unfair to charge M. Louis Blanc, more especially, with the consequences of the "*Ateliers Nationaux*," organised, as every one knows, against himself and his doctrines, it is at the same time, the first necessity for any society to *live*, and in the presence of the endless dissensions which prevailed throughout the Legislative Assembly, with party pitted against party, and theory against theory; with the grim phantom *Starvation* staring men in the face; we are not astonished that every one should have appealed at once to the only power which seemed, for the time being, capable of restoring order and tranquillity.

In the course of a few years, should Bonapartism, as many say it must, be numbered amongst the things that were, and go to meet, wherever they may be, the Domitians, the Vitellii and the Neros of old, we shall know all the intrigues, all the manœuvres by which the dictator of December 2nd has reached the position he now occupies. A few of his plans are disclosed in M. Louis Blanc's pages, and we can even now see by what incessant schemes, at the very beginning of the revolution, Louis Napoleon was endeavouring to further his own purposes and to prepare the way for his future success. Proclamations, professions of faith, cost him nothing, as our readers may imagine; and we find him in the very midst of the events of June, endeavouring to bribe General Rapatel by the following confidential appeal:

"Général, je connais vos sentiments pour ma famille. Si les événements qui se préparent tournent dans un sens qui lui soit favorable, vous êtes ministre de la guerre."

The history of M. Louis Blanc's interviews with Louis Napoleon, both at Ham and elsewhere, is of the most interesting nature; it proves that the hero of Strasbourg and Boulogne wished to make Socialism a part of his programme, and that he meditated what he has since attempted to carry into execution—the complete sub-

jection of the working and commercial classes to a despotic ruler, through the means of that co-operative system which, if properly applied, would be productive of so much good.

And, to enter no further upon so difficult and so complicated a subject, this is our great objection to Socialism, especially in a country like France. Socialism must necessarily call for the interference of the state, be under its direct influence, and receive from the government its impulse, its regulations, its conditions of existence. Accordingly, it becomes immediately a mere illustration, on a large scale, of the great principle of centralisation which, after destroying the Roman empire and spreading everywhere the seeds of corruption, seems likely to be also in the long run the bane of modern society. Allow, by all means, Socialism to have a fair trial; give it encouragement and ensure to it an equal share of protection with the competitive system; but let your interference stop there. As soon as Socialism is transformed into a government scheme, hedged in by rules and enforced by all the terrors of the law, it has overreached itself, and defeated its own purpose.

In conclusion, the "*Révolutions Historiques*" is a book which deserves to be attentively studied by all classes of readers. The fresh details it supplies on the rise and progress of the late French revolution will serve to correct many blunders which party spirit or ignorance have widely allowed to circulate; whilst the clear *exposé* it gives of the Socialist doctrines advocated by M. Louis Blanc furnishes every needful information respecting a system of political economy which, however widely we may be opposed to it, cannot now be ignored by legislators and philosophers.

Of the pamphlet entitled, "*Le parti républicain et l'amnistie*," it will be enough to speak in a very few words. It contains the protests of the chief republican exiles against the amnesty granted by Louis Napoleon, and these documents are introduced by a short preface, in which M. Louis Blanc explains the true character of the emperor's apparent act of clemency, and justifies the determination of the proscribed republicans not to avail themselves of the permission granted to them to return to France. Any person who knows fully the character of the present French government, and the interest it has in preventing the expression of the truth, will completely sympathise with M. Louis Blanc. The pseudo-amnesty is illegal, in the first place; but, as La Fontaine said of the ant's selfishness:

"C'est là son moindre défaut."

It is also a snare and an act of hypocrisy. By declining to accept the benefit of so insidious a measure, the republican exiles have done both honourably and prudently.

The History and Antiquities of Roxburghshire, &c. By Alexander Jeffrey, Vol. III. (Edinburgh: Thomas C. Jack.)

An eminent brother of the ungentle craft was pleased to observe that a wise critic varied the subjects of his articles with the different seasons. Spring found him discussing the merits of the last new poem; summer was devoted to books for a corner; autumn fitly indicated *Tourists' Guides*; winter was divided between hunting books, and those which relate to "moving incidents of flood or field." In this way, readers'

attention would not readily flag, and their interest was always kept up. There was, we think, a large amount of good sense and sound judgment in this canon. It may well be included in the next edition of the "*Young Reviewer's Assistant*." We soon get tired of one theme, or one set of ideas, however excellent in themselves. We all of us love a little variety. The plan of presenting the public with condiments suitable to the time of year is an excellent one, and though it may be thought to smack somewhat of the inventive genius of the late lamented M. Soyer, it deserves to be taken into serious consideration by those who cater for the literary public.

Mr. Jeffrey's third volume comes before us at an opportune moment. The past season has been a dull one. The forthcoming season promises well; but while so many octavos are still "in the press," there is a dearth of interesting matter. We turn to the book before us with a feeling of relief, and are not disappointed. "Fresh fields and pastures new" have ever a charm; and, weary with the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall," we hasten to invigorate ourselves with pure Roxburghshire air, before Christmas, in order that we may be able the better to enjoy the festivities of that genial season. Our limits compel us to pass over much that is curious and interesting in this book. The author loves to dwell on the derivations of the names of the Roxburghshire towns and villages. He is full of information, generally complete, always suggestive, on this important point. Nor is he deficient in that most essential knowledge to topographers—folk-lore. He gives us elaborate genealogies of the Roxburgh families; and is as anecdotal about its worthies as Thomas Fuller. If the work be finished as it is begun, it will form a valuable addition to our county histories; a branch of literature in which Englishmen—who are never so happy as under their roof-tree—are especially interested, and eminently rich. The volume is divided into twenty-nine sections, for the sake of clearness. Each section is complete in itself. A few introductory paragraphs devoted to the "old names of the country lying along the Forth, and from the Tweed to Avon," and to the churches, people, and Druidical remains of that lovely district—bring us to the "large and handsome" town of Kelso, of which there is a full description. It makes its first appearance in 1128, "in the charter of David to the Selkirk monks, on their being placed on the banks of the well-sheltered Tweed. In that document it is written in three different ways—*Calchou*, *Kelchou*, and *Kalchu*." It is thought the name is derived from the British *Calch*, and the Saxon *hou*, descriptive of a small eminence on the bank of a river. Some etymologists take a different view, holding that the name is derived from the Celtic *caol*, *caolas*, a narrow channel—and who shall decide when doctors, so learned, disagree? Leaving the origin of its name to be settled by the Dryasdusts, we pass to the Kelso of to-day as being more to our purpose. Its situation is remarkably fine. The rivers Tweed and Teviot flow by it; and what streams have awakened more genuine poetry than these? Hear the author:

"The locality is remarkable for scenes of great beauty. From the summit of the river's bank at Maxwellheugh, an extensive view is obtained of the surrounding scenery. The eye roams over the broad expanse of waters beneath, and the termination of the beautiful vale where 'the silver tide

of Teviot loses itself in Tweed's pellucid stream;' the lovely little islet in the midst of the parent river; the moss-clad ruins of Roxburgh, and in the distance the cones of Eildon. On the left bank of the Tweed, the palace of the Duke of Roxburgh stands, environed by dark woods, while lower down are beautiful gardens; houses clustered together; a busy mill, with its waterfall; the Havannah, and several other sweet villas, overlook the beautiful sheet of water that rolls past; while over this scene the august pile, in all the solemnity of ruin, frowns majestically. On the right bank of the Teviot, and between it and the Tweed, in the midst of an extensive and well-wooded park, is Springwood, the seat of Sir George Douglas. Eastward, long reaches of the river are exposed to view, the margins in the highest state of cultivation, studded with mansions, among which Henderside Park occupies a prominent position. The country to the north has the appearance of rising in terraces from the back of Kelso to the woody heights of Stichel, Mel-lerston, and of Home."

Kelso has been greatly improved of late years. It abounds with fine buildings. Here and there, older and more humble ones are still to be found, about which cling the legends and stories for which all Scotch localities are so famous:

"Within the recollection of aged inhabitants, the square which now boasts of so many fine buildings was a quadrangle of straw-covered houses, with their high, pointed gables to the front, which led the celebrated traveller Pennant to remark that Kelso resembled a Flemish town. A huge and unseemly *pantwell*, surmounted by a lamp, stood in one corner. To a saddler's apprentice breaking this pant and its lamp, the inhabitants of Kelso were, in after years, indebted for many improvements, and one of its most handsome buildings. The boy, fearing the wrath of the civic functionaries for demolishing the lamp, fled to London, where he succeeded in making his fortune as a navy agent; and on returning to Kelso, when his youthful exploit was forgotten, purchased part of the estate of Ednam from the old family of Edmondstone, built the Havannah, now called Ednam House, and the present commodious Cross Keys Hotel."

With the exception of some slight remains of its once celebrated abbey, Kelso presents few objects for the archaeological student. The house occupied by the National Bank has a strange story attached to it—after the manner of those grim tales in *Household Words*. Nor must the Grammar School be forgotten, for here Sir Walter Scott received part of his education. We read much of the cheapness of education in Scotland. The fees charged scholars for attending Kelso Grammar School are certainly by no means ruinous. "Classes 10s. per quarter, and for mathematics, 10s. 6d."! Of the literature of the town our author remarks:

"LITERATURE.—Under this head the libraries of the town may be first noticed. The Kelso library was founded in 1750, and contains about 6000 volumes. It is kept in a commodious building at the Chalkheugh, the property of the shareholders. In the library is a manuscript copy of Archbishop Spottiswoode's '*History of the Church of Scotland*.' The date of the copy is supposed to have been after 1625, as it contains an unsigned '*Epistle Dedicatorie*' to Charles I. The volume bears the word '*Lauderdale*,' and it is thought to have been one of two MSS. of the work possessed by the Duke of Lauderdale, and disposed of at a sale by auction of his Grace's books, in 'Tom's Coffee-house, Ludgate Hill,' in 1692, by a friend of Evelyn's to whom they had been pawned. The catalogue of the sale contains two MSS. of Spottiswoode's work, Nos. 11 and 12. The Duke of Lauderdale died in 1682. This MS. is said, by Bishop Russell, to be an exact copy, with the exception of a few verbal alterations, of a manuscript marked '*Ex bibliotheca apud Spottiswoode*,'

which was put into his hands by the present representative of the Primate's family. The New Library, founded in 1778, and the Modern Library, in 1800, were united in 1858, and consist of about 4000 volumes. There are also libraries in connection with the churches of the town. The 'Physical and Antiquarian Society' was founded in 1834. A suitable building has been erected in Roxburgh Street, adjoining the Chalkheugh Library, in which is an extensive collection of rare and valuable specimens of natural history and antiquities. Sir T. M. Brisbane is President. The Society was fortunate in securing the services, as Secretary, for many years, of the accomplished Dr. Charles Wilson, late of Kelso, while the skill exhibited by Mr. Heckford in the preservation of the animals is not surpassed by the best artists in London. The first newspaper started in Kelso was the *British Chronicle*, or *Union Gazette*, in 1783, by a person of the name of James Palmer. It was published every Friday morning in Bridge Street, and adjoined the Bank of Scotland. The *Chronicle* advocated liberal principles, which gave offence to those who held different opinions, and the result was the establishment of the *Kelso Mail*, under the superintendence of James Ballantyne, which still continues to be the organ of Conservatism. At this press the first edition of the 'Border Minstrelsy' was printed. In March, 1823, the *Border Courier* was brought out by the late John Mason, in opposition to the *Mail*, but failed to gain sufficient support, and the last number was published in the October following. In 1832, the *Kelso Chronicle* was set on foot by the Whigs of the district, for the purpose of advocating the principles of the party, and is still in existence. About three years ago, a reading-room was erected by shareholders, and is well supplied with newspapers.

An interesting account is given of the rise of the Roxburgh family, and of the competition between Walter Ker of Littledean and Sir James Norcliffe Innes for the honours and estates of Roxburgh. The origin of the families of Ker, Innes, Ormiston, Gordon, Olifard, Macdougals, Rutherford, Maxwells, &c., is briefly sketched, when their seats and manors are being described. The district is especially dear to Scotchmen. But all readers are more or less acquainted with it through the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Many of the scenes of his stories are laid here. The reader is surrounded with "Waverley" heroes and heroines, as he reads these pages. In the old church of Roxburgh is the grave of Andrew Gemmells, the original of Edie Ochiltree, who died at Roxburgh New Town in 1793, aged 106. "On the back of the stone is a full-length figure of a Blue Gown, with a dog at his feet, a staff in one hand, and a bag in the other, which he is holding up; above the figure are the words, 'Behold the end o't'; intended to represent a scene which, tradition says, took place between Ochiltree and a recruiting sergeant at St. Boswell's Fair. When the sergeant finished an harangue on the glories of war, Blue Gown stepped forward, held up his 'meal pock,' and exclaimed 'Behold the end o't.'"

Roxburghshire is dear to Scotchmen, abounding as it does in the "localised romance," to which they cling so fondly. Few districts of "stern Caledonia" move the "poetic child" more, or appeal more strongly to his feelings. His imagination may gather food from all around. At Ednam he visits the place of Thomson's birth (despite a tradition that the poet was born at Wideopen, his mother's mountain home), and here too was born the father of Captain Cook. The great navigator's mother lived at Smalholm before her marriage with "John Cook of Ednam." Hard by the village of Roxburgh are still to be seen the ruins of

"Wallace's Tower." At Sunlaws, Prince Charlie passed a night on his way to Jedburgh in 1745. Thomas Pringle, the author of "The Excursion," and first editor of *Blackwood*, was born at Blakelaw. It is still an open question whether Allan Ramsay laid the scene of his "*Gentle Shepherd*" on the banks of the Cayle, in the immediate neighbourhood of Marfield House! Lastly (though by no means exhausting the list), we may mention that Scotland's chief glory and pride, Robert Burns, was a frequent visitor at Mossburnford, on the Jed, where the gallant veteran, Major Rutherford, exercised true hospitality in days gone by. Then there is hardly a farm-house, or a moss-covered stone, or an "ivy-mantled tower," around which some sad or beautiful legend does not cling, the notices of which, together with glimpses of feudal and monastic life, form no small charm in this pleasing book.

Still, we should ill perform our duty as critics, were we not to mention that the volume is somewhat too slight for a "History," partaking as it does largely of the character of a handbook. Were it not that Mr. Jeffrey studiously avoids indulging in those hackneyed quotations patent to book-makers, we should feel tempted to class his production with these guides, which are no more to be compared to "Red Murray," than paste to diamonds. Among the shortcomings apparent to the most cursory glance is the absence of all notice of agriculture—an unpardonable omission in any work which professes to treat of Scotch topography. Our author contents himself, and would fain content his readers, with one or two allusions to enormous oaks, and "remarkable poplars, thirty-two feet six inches in girth." Surely this is that scant measure which is abominable. When he has scenery to describe he is more at home, and his sketches of "Springwood Park, and the scenery around," and the "view of Vale of Tweed and Merse from Blakelaw Ridge," are eloquently written, and possess the rare merit of conveying some idea of the places described to the reader, in his easy chair. Nor must we pass by the interesting account given of the gipsies under the head of Yetham—those gipsies of whom Sir Walter availed himself so admirably in "Guy Mannering." In short, Mr. Jeffrey is a lover of the picturesque, and he is evidently as desirous of recording the beauties of his favourite county as of giving its history. His work must, therefore, not be too hardly judged. We are disposed to praise him, and think that even less indulgent critics could find but small occasion for fault-finding. We heartily wish him every success, and shall look for his concluding volume with some degree of impatience.

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. (Carlton & Porter: New York. Alexander Heylin: London.)

[SECOND NOTICE.]

JOHN NEWTON, Thornton, the Unwins, and Cowper, were all the more or less devoted adherents to Calvinistic Methodism and Lady Huntingdon; and, indeed, the time was come when they and all must make their election between Methodism and the Church. For when Lady Huntingdon "was reduced to turn the finest congregation, not only in England but in any part of the world,

into a Dissenting meeting-house," it was perfectly clear that the Church had cast out her irregular children from her bosom, and that they must henceforth choose for themselves between their ancient mother and their new love. When Lady Huntingdon died, her own particular sect disintegrated, and finally crumbled to pieces; the lease of Trevecca college could not be renewed, so the institution was removed to Cheshunt; and gradually her chapels came to lose the name of Methodist (which was at last appropriated solely by the Wesleyans), and sank into the general rank of congregationalists, like the Whitefield Methodists, retaining only the mere title as their special characteristic.

When Wesley was seventy-two, he wrote: "How is this, that I find just the same strength as I did thirty years ago?" His sight was considerably better now, and his nerves firmer than they were then? He had none of the infirmities of old age, and had lost several that he had in his youth? The grand cause, he says, is, 'the good pleasure of God, who doth whatsoever pleaseth him.' The chief means were, 1. His constantly rising at four o'clock, for about fifty years; 2. His generally preaching at five in the morning, 'one of the most healthy exercises in the world'; 3. His never travelling less, by sea or land, than four thousand five hundred miles in a year."

All this travelling was performed on horse-back down to his sixty-ninth year, when his friends provided him with a carriage, and his strength and health were preserved to him through "two violent fevers and two deep consumptions."

His career in Scotland offered a marked contrast to the effects generally produced by Methodism:

"The grave, metaphysical Scotch were still problems to him; their cool impassiveness provoked him to judge them severely; they appeared to him 'so wise that they needed no more knowledge; so good that they needed no more religion.' They were 'too brimful of wisdom and goodness' to be 'warned to flee from the wrath to come.' He gave them credit, however, for candour and patience under plain-dealing from the pulpit. He knew no men equal to them in this respect. He sometimes justly suspected that their apparent impassivity was owing to his want of a knowledge of the right way of addressing them. Whitefield could overwhelm them with his emotions, and Wesley, after a sermon in Glasgow, acknowledged that the Scots, if touched on the right key, received as lively impressions as the English. Whitefield, however, was a good Calvinist; that was essential to his apostleship with the Scotch. They respected and wondered at Wesley, as unaccountably zealous and devoted for a heretic; he was as much a problem to them as they were to him."

In Cornwall, on the contrary, he was hailed by enthusiastic armies of miners, for Cornwall was the "Eden of Methodism"; in London he was venerated, almost worshipped, by his own flock; and at Newcastle he had the society of the dear and lovely Grace Murray, for whom he had so deep, so tender, so poetic an affection. But, less happy than Fletcher, who secured to himself a wife so admirably fitted to be his help meet in all things, officious friends came between Wesley and his love, and fearful lest marriage and home would render him less devoted to the cause, patched up a hasty match between Grace Murray and another preacher, and destroyed for ever his dream of earthly happiness, and all his pleasant hopes of home and love. Wesley was too devoted and chastened to allow even such a sorrow to prey upon him; but he felt

the loss of his beautiful friend deeply, and to the last held her as a "sacrifice." Yet when she became again a widow, he never sought to re-animate his hopes or re-open his wounds. The blow had been given, and now that the pain had been borne and was past, he took the rest as it came, and never turned aside into the old disused path.

He was strict with his itinerants:

"He prescribed the minutest rules of life for them, even such as concerned their physical habits. He found that some became 'nervous,' more probably by too much work than by too little, though he thought otherwise. He gave them advice on the subject: 'Touch no drink, tobacco, or snuff. Eat very light, if any, supper. Breakfast on nettle or orange-peel tea. Lie down before ten; rise before five. Every day use as much exercise as you can bear: or murder yourself by inches.' 'These rules,' he adds, 'are as necessary for the people as the preachers.' He allowed his itinerants, however, to drink a glass of ale at night after preaching. He interrogated them closely, in his printed Minutes, about their habits. "Do you," he asked, "deny yourselves every useless pleasure of sense, imagination, honour? Are you temperate in all things? To take one instance, in food—Do you use only that *kind*, and that *degree*, which is best both for the body and soul? Do you see the necessity of this? Do you eat no flesh suppers? no late suppers? These naturally tend to destroy bodily health. Do you eat only three meals a day? If four, are you not an excellent pattern to the flock? Do you take no more food than is necessary at each meal? You may know, if you do, by a load at your stomach; by drowsiness or heaviness; and, in a while, by weak or bad nerves. Do you use only that *kind* and that *degree* of drink which is best both for your body and soul? Do you drink water? Why not? Did you ever? Why did you leave it off, if not for health? When will you begin again? To-day? How often do you drink wine or ale? Every day? Do you *want* or *waste* it?"

And his rules for a helper are even more stringent:

"1. He was to be diligent; never unemployed a moment; never triflingly employed; never to while away time; neither spend any more time at any place than was strictly necessary.

"2. To be serious; his motto to be, Holiness to the Lord; to avoid all lightness, jesting, and foolish talking.

"3. To converse sparingly and cautiously with women, particularly with young women in private.

"4. To take no step toward marriage without first acquainting Wesley with his design.

"5. To believe evil of no one; to put the best construction on everything; to remember that the judge is always supposed to be on the prisoner's side.

"6. To speak evil of no one; to keep his thoughts within his own breast till he came to the person concerned.

"7. To tell every one what he thought wrong in him, and that plainly, and as soon as might be, lest it fester in his heart.

"8. Not to affect the gentleman; he had no more to do with this character than with that of a dancing-master; for a preacher of the Gospel is the servant of all. But though he was not to affect the gentleman he was to be one in all good respects, as Wesley taught in his Address to the Clergy.

"9. To be ashamed of nothing but sin; not of fetching wood (if time permit), or of drawing water; not of cleaning his own shoes, or his neighbour's.

"10. To be punctual; to do everything exactly at the time; and, in general, not *mend* the Methodist rules, but *keep* them; not for wrath, but for conscience' sake.

"11. He was to have nothing to do but to save souls, and therefore to spend and be spent in this work. And to go always, not only to those who wanted him, but to those who wanted him most.

"12. To act in all things, not according to his own will, but as a son in the Gospel. As such, it was his duty to employ his time in the manner in which he should be directed; partly in preaching, and visiting the flock from house to house; partly in reading, meditation, and prayer. 'Above all,' wrote Wesley, 'if you labour with us in our Lord's vineyard, it is needful that you should do *that part* of the work which we advise, at *those times* and places which we judge most for his glory.' He advised his itinerants not to continue public services beyond one hour, and seldom to pray longer than eight or ten minutes at a time; not to allegorise their subjects; to stick to their texts, and never to select such as are obscure."

He denounced clamorous preaching. To an American preacher he wrote:

"Scream no more, at the peril of your soul. God now warns you by me whom he has set over you. Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream. Speak with all your heart, but with a moderate voice. It was said of our Lord, 'He shall not *cry*;' the word properly means, He shall not *scream*. Herein be a follower of me, as I am of Christ. I often speak loud, often vehemently; but I never scream; I never strain myself; I dare not; I know it would be a sin against God and my own soul. Perhaps one reason why that good man, Thomas Walsh, yea, and John Mannors too, were in such grievous darkness before they died, was, because they shortened their own lives."

Some of his repartees were wonderfully good. Michael Fenwick, his servant, and sometimes preacher, complains that though always travelling with him, his (Fenwick's) name was never mentioned in the published journal. To remove this reproach, in the very next number Wesley said, "I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick." It was not likely that Michael Fenwick ever again complained of being omitted in the journals!

"He could be noble in his reproofs as in all things. Joseph Bradford was for many years his travelling companion, and considered no assistance to him too servile, but was subject to changes of temper. Wesley directed him to carry a package of letters to the post; Bradford wished to hear his sermon first; Wesley was urgent and insisted; Bradford refused; 'Then,' said Wesley, 'you and I must part.' 'Very good, sir,' replied Bradford. They slept over it. On rising the next morning Wesley accosted his old friend, and asked if he had considered what he had said, that 'They must part?' 'Yes, sir,' replied Bradford. 'And must we part?' inquired Wesley. 'Please yourself, sir,' was the reply. 'Will you ask my pardon,' rejoined Wesley. 'No, sir.' 'You won't?' 'No, sir.' 'Then I will ask yours!' replied the great man. Bradford melted under the example, and wept like a child."

At another time, a vulgar, blustering man, attempting to push past him, cried out, "Sir, I never make way for a fool." "I always do," replied Wesley, stepping aside, and calmly passing on. He was wonderfully liberal in his judgments on his opponents; even in his judgments on heretics. In his *Arminian Magazine*, he wrote an abridged "Life of Thomas Firmin," a Unitarian, declaring in his preface "that though he had long settled in his mind that the entertaining of wrong notions concerning the Trinity was inconsistent with real piety, yet, as he could not argue against matter of fact, he dare not deny that Mr. Firmin was a pious man, although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous." He also "doubted whether that arch-heretic, Montanus, was not one of the holiest men of the second century;" adding that he would "not affirm that the arch-heretic of the fifth century (Pelagius), as

plentifully as he had been bespattered for many ages, was not one of the holiest men of the time." He admired the piety of the best papal writers, and made their works his household books; and at the time when "the name of Arminius was a synonym of heresy, he not only openly acknowledged his evangelical orthodoxy, but boldly placed the branded name of the great misrepresented theologian on the periodical which he published as the organ of Methodism." Dr. Stevens is right when he says that Wesley's liberality was beyond our own in the present day! But Wesley was a great as well as a holy man, and could not enter into the pettiness of sectarianism or sympathise with the narrow-heartedness of those who love themselves better than they love humanity.

His death was an euthanasia; and Dr. Stevens has given a very pure and touching account of it, adding a little incident which took place at his funeral, when at the words "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our brother," the "*brother*" was changed to "*father*," and the whole throng burst out into loud and continuous weeping.

We are compelled to pass over much that is of great interest in this volume. The progress of Methodism, and what it accomplished, the strong points of sympathy between it, in its more excited phases, and all other great religious movements; many anecdotes, told with grace and spirit; Wesley's secret views, and Charles Wesley's sweet and loving nature; the policy of Methodism, and its relation to the other Christian churches: all this we cannot touch on, though never so lightly. But we hope that we have done enough to indicate to our readers where they may find both pleasure and profit, and enough to mark our sense of the fair, generous, and liberal spirit which Dr. Stevens has shown throughout the work. Saving the undigested predilection of the Methodist author for his Methodist apostles, the book is singularly impartial; and as this predilection is never obtruded, and never allowed to become tyrannous or unjust, it only serves to make the whole more genial and more loving, and to give another charm to the product of a scholar and a careful historian.

The Mineral Springs of Vichy. A Sketch of their Chemical and Physical Characters.
By A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S. (John Churchill.)

We dote on Doctor Granville. In all places, at all times and seasons—at Kissingen, Vichy, or on our library table—we are equally delighted to meet him. Were ours the privilege of belonging to the softer sex, his attractions and captivations would be dangerous to our peace of mind, and, entranced by the voice of the charmer, ours would be the stern resolve to win him and to woo him, to carry him and to marry him, if not by fair means, then by foul. He combines the sprightliness of youth with the social accomplishments of old age. His presence is noble and imposing. As we glide along with the flow of his chatty, prosy, and grandiloquent style, a vision rises before us of a gentleman in most unexceptionable black, his hair frosted with the cold of many winters, his satin waistcoat depressed with the weight of a ponderous gold chain, and his heart beat exulting under the whitest of shirts. He is all affability and breeding, and Glen-

field Patent Starch, "as used in the Royal Laundry." What if the magnificent white cravat show a cross fold here and there, the result of haste or testiness? What if a neglected collar string, straying over the collar of his coat, should playfully dangle down his back, thus reminding us of the amiable old gentleman who does the honours of the dinner party in *Still Waters Run Deep*? Style may be slovenly, and for that very reason amusing; a pointless anecdote may excite mirth by the important and patronising manner of the narrator; and when Dr. Granville refers over and over again to his work on the Spas of Germany, we may smile at the thrift of a practical man who most wisely makes each new book a medium for advertising an old one.

It is not unusual for the conversation of old men to be strongly tinged with the habits, the phraseology, and the tone of the profession in which they have laboured for many years. They have accustomed themselves to look upon mankind in one light only, and they shape their discourse accordingly. The excellent hangman in "Barnaby Rudge" considered his fellow-creatures only with regard to his "working them off." Hands interested him in so far as they might be tied; and the final destiny of necks—according to this profound philosopher—was to dangle from circumambient ropes. Old lawyers talk to every one as if he were a client, and old schoolmasters almost instinctively assume that those they speak to stand in urgent need of instruction and correction. Old practitioners of medicine address their observations to a world of patients; their discourse is tinged even with the peculiarities of the class of sufferers to whom they are in the habit of giving the benefit of their advice. The poor man's doctor, who is called in only in urgent and desperate cases, is sharp, quick, peremptory, dictatorial. His questions are pertinent, though frequently indelicate, and his words, like the drugs he is in the habit of prescribing, are pungent and drastic. The physician who deals with chronic diseases, who treats every case according to system, and who cannot advise anything unless he advises a cure, addresses a dyspeptic, gouty, enervated, impressible, sensitive, and gloomily desponding public. He flatters, he wheedles, and he cajoles; he tells a story for the purpose of slipping in a question; he has a cunning tongue for the blessings of the table, and a keen eye for the varieties of female dress. Our favourite, Dr. Granville, who wishes to see all nations continually travelling from Kissingen to Vichy and back again, lays great stress upon the fact of "the varied interest and attraction of the *trajet* between the two Spas." We, the public, naturally shrink from the fatigues and danger of so formidable an expedition. We are ailing, and as a natural consequence of this distressing state of things, we are lazy, timid, and averse to adventure and enterprise. But Dr. Granville, with honeyed words, reassures and leads us on. "Performed leisurely," he tells us, "the journey can only tend to the advantage, not less than to the enjoyment of the patient. At every step something new offers itself to the attention of the traveller. He need not fatigue himself with either carriage or horse riding. The whole distance is performed by railroad and water-steamers—save and except—(a most amiable smile sheds its golden lustre on this bitter pill) an equally short distance which must be run over in some horse vehicle or other at each end of the line."

Thus encouraged, we venture on the journey. But as readers and reviewers can travel quicker even than the fastest train or "water-steamer," we wing our rapid flight over the line of march traced out by the doctor, and, passing by Schweinfurt, Frankfurt, Kehl, Lucerne, Geneva, and Lyons, we reach Vichy, of whose ancient renown as a watering place Dr. Granville thus learnedly discourses:

"That in very ancient times Vichy was frequented for its baths is rendered more than probable by the existence of a number of objects that have been brought to light from time to time, and the remains of Roman structures connected with the process of bathing. Some collections are even now to be seen in Vichy of statuettes, terracottas, potteries, small bronze Greek and Roman coins, as well as large medals of Augustus, Agrippa, Claudius, and Trajan. In fact, during the first and second centuries, the *Aque calidae* must have been in great request. It is probable the Cæsar degusted of these springs as he crossed the bridge over the Allier, following the Roman road from Clermont to Roanne, on his return from the siege of Gergovia.

"The inroad of the Northern barbarians into Gaul was felt in its devastations by Vichy, as it had been all over the centre of France—all the Roman edifices were destroyed; and we get no positive information of the condition of Vichy until the twelfth century, when it was a considerable town, divided into several sections or *quartiers*; the first of which was that part in which the great thermal establishment now is, while the fourth, called *Château-franc*, forms the site of the present town.

"To Louis XI. Vichy owes its importance. That monarch had selected for his last residence in this world the Convent of the *Celestins*, which he founded, and where one of the most admired of the waters of Vichy flows in stunted streams. He encircled Vichy with walls, paved the streets, and fortified it, erecting seven towers for its defence, one only of which, the loftiest, exists still, and serves as a belfry and clock tower. There are still vestiges of the ancient city in some of the highways and narrow lanes of old Vichy, exhibiting specimens of the architecture of the thirteenth century. On a fountain in the square, called the 'Trois Cornets,' there is the date of 1383 still extant. The parish church is a monument of the same epoch."

Let us also accompany him in the spirit, since it cannot be in the body, in his first introduction to the taste of the Vichy waters:

"I did not see any reason for a single grimace in drinking of the *Grand Grille*, or indeed of any of the rest of the warm sources. There is in all of them a first impression produced, like that from the faint animal *halitus* of a person in health with an empty stomach. The taste of the water is pleasant rather than not; smooth to the mouth, the water slips like soap down the throat. No one can mistake the strongly-marked alkaline *gout* of the water after its complete injection into the stomach; for it leaves behind on the tongue the impression of your having chewed a certain quantity of carbonate of soda. *Au premier abord*, this is not perceivable, for the quantity of free carbonic acid gas, which escapes along with the water, masks, by its agreeable acidity and effervescence, the alkaline taste."

A chapter devoted to the discussion of the question, "What are the Vichy waters good for?" is by far the most important portion of a book which addresses itself alike to practitioners and lazy readers. But it is also so thoroughly saturated with professional details, and so fearfully disfigured by the introduction of that barbarous slang which is known as medical phraseology, that instead of extracting what might otherwise be valuable and interesting, we content ourselves with translating a summary of the good

effects of the Vichy waters as given by Dr. Barthez, and quoted by Dr. Granville:

"When drunk in moderation and appropriately, in ordinary cases of ailings of the digestive organs the stomach is slightly exerted, and after a few days the patient's appetite returns; his digestion becomes easier, and more regular, and more expeditious. All the functions of the body are performed with greater ease, and the patient experiences an unwonted degree of comfort and activity; the acidity of the stomach passes away, the bile becomes more fluid, and its flow more easy; the assimilation of the food is more complete, the body is nourished, and the flesh becomes firm and abundant; the complexion, too, improves in clearness and colour. The patient feels in every respect improved, and everything betokens the presence of a powerful and comforting action on the system, and shows that the waters have restored to the organs their functional force, and that their suffering has been assuaged by a general sedative."

Passing over the dietary which is most recommended to a patriot at Vichy, we come to the means of procuring this dietary, and follow Dr. Granville in his slightly exaggerated account of the difficulties of procuring bed and board during the season:

"Lucky is the man or woman either, especially at what is deemed the climax of the season, *vide licet*, in the month of July, if he or she can procure an entry into any of these hostelries, even with the resignation to take whatever hole can be got, be it a *mansarde*, or the ante-chamber to a bath-room, for the time being. Still more fortunate, if the intro-admission has been granted in one of the most fashionable hotels, Guillemin, for instance, or l'Hotel de Paix, the second and third great buildings on the left hand or east side of the park, as you emerge from under the arcade of the Thermal Establishment. Had you taken the precaution of writing for rooms a week or two beforehand, you would not run the risk of having to sleep *à la belle étoile*. But if room cannot be found for you in the house, and you are compelled to take up your abode in a trumpery lodging near it, until your turn comes to occupy an apartment in the hotel, you may be admitted at once to the honour of the table d'hôte; so that, at all events, your stomach is not made to suffer for the sin of your want of foresight.

"Now, all this anxiety to be admitted into one of the principal hotels is less due to eagerness to secure *une excellente cuisine*, than to the desire of obtaining an introduction to the society in the house, which is naturally expected to be of the highest in the place; for *les moyennes classes* trouble themselves little with daily disbursements of ten or twelve francs, for the privilege of being at one of the Hotels Rue Grignan or Rue du Paris. How the object of social acquaintances is to be obtained, the present writer will not take on his own responsibility to say. He has never been in position to ascertain the fact—but we have a lively, and we may hope truthful guide in Mons. Felix Mornand, who tells us:—Once installed in your *jolie petite chambre*, overlooking a vast garden, or a court shaded by trees, your first care, as a well-bred person, is to deliver a packet of your cards to one of the *garçons de service*, with instructions to leave them at the respective apartments of your '*commensaux*' (a far better term than 'fellow-lodgers') '*en échange de quoi*'—I beg my readers to mark this, and not pretend I said it—'*l'heure d'après le même garçon vous rapporte quarante ou cinquante noms précieusement gravés sur porcelaine, quelques-uns illustres, d'autres obscurs, mais exhalant pour la plus part un parfum très-aristocratique.*'

We devote another extract—the last—to the account of the division of the day according to meals:

"There are two meals a day," writes to me a correspondent; 'breakfast at 10 A.M., and dinner at 5 P.M.; both most substantial, and differing chiefly in there being soup at dinner in place of eggs and omelette at breakfast. All the house

guests dine and breakfast together, and are to consider themselves as one family. These meals are taken in the 'salle-à-manger.' After breakfast, as well as after dinner, the parties adjourn to the 'salon,' which is the largest room in the house, and is handsomely furnished, with musical instruments, card tables, backgammon boards, and chess tables. There is, even in the largest hotels, but the one sitting room, and no family (however exclusive) can have a private one. Sometimes a very delicate lady turns a bed-room into a private boudoir for herself; but it is only after a hard struggle that it is obtained. In the same way, having the terror of an apoplectic seizure before us, we, after a hard fight, had coffee specially served to us at breakfast, in place of wine and strong meats. Except at breakfast and dinner, however strong the appetite, nothing to eat besides is to be had during the twenty-four hours; and all the world here 'goes supperless to bed.'

Dr. Granville has thus added another leaf to his laurels—another spoil to his trophies. He is in the habit of boasting, and perhaps justly, that he, even before Sir Francis Head, commenced the good work of familiarising the British public with the Continental watering-places; and he also, with a complacency pardonable to his years, assumes that he has conquered a prejudice which, for a long time, prevented the suffering in these islands from availing themselves of those means of relief and cure which nature has distributed over almost all countries. That prejudice, however, still exists, and will hold its ground so long as it is encouraged and fostered by large numbers of the profession to which Dr. Granville belongs. To tell a patient that art fails, and his case must be referred to nature—that the druggist's shop must be left for the fountain which bubbles from the earth—requires a degree of self-denial of which not all physicians or surgeons are capable, irrespective even of the more sordid consideration of profit and gain. Not every man is equal to the sacrifice of sending a patient away, and the idea of a cure by means of mineral waters is consequently scouted as preposterous, and denounced as one of the popular delusions of the day. And yet who that maturely reflects on the wonderful combinations of gases, salts, and metals, which constitute the chief characteristics of mineral waters, but must confess that they are the perfect prototype, the unapproachable ideals which the surgeon and his druggist clumsily endeavour to imitate in the composition and manufacture of their villainous compounds?

Falconry; its Claims, History, and Practice.

By Gage Earle Freeman, M.A., and Francis Henry Salvin, Captain West York Rifles. To which are added, *Remarks on Training the Otter and Cormorant.* By Captain Salvin. (Longman, Green, Longman & Roberts.)

WRITERS ON Field Sports are entitled not less to the gratitude of sporting-men than to that of the general public. The *Tom and Jerry* literature which hovered midway betwixt the ring and the turf, and took merely a little pigeon shooting and aquatics by way of variety in betting, but decidedly preferred a "mill" to a "row" (particularly upon the Thames), has, under the auspices of these semi-scientific writers, taken a turn decidedly for the better; and amidst "ties" of coursing dogs, and "the latest odds," "cricket," and the Tyne championship of the oar, we now are treated profusely with naturalist correspondence by no means unworthy of being classed with the once familiar pursuits of

Gilbert White and the Hon. Daines Barrington in the "Natural History of Selborne." Mr. G. E. Freeman, writing under the cognomen of "Peregrine," the name of a species of falcon, it might be thought that he had half imbibed the nature of the bird. But we must own to having experienced somewhat of a disappointment. There was a book (of Mr. Broderick's we think) called "Falconry in the British Isles," upon which, "with its numerous and masterly drawings," Mr. Freeman tenders the eternal excuse of its being "out of print" to draw to such an extent, that, if out, he has almost bodily drawn it into print again—so far at least as concerns the natural characteristics of the birds described. Now this is the more provoking, as, if he had only gone to Prideaux John Selby's "Illustrations of British Ornithology," not to speak of the more popular "Naturalist's Library" volume of Falconry, by Sir William Jardine, he would have met with fully as accurate descriptions to his purpose, and, in Selby's work, at all events, better delineations. To practical falconry, however, as delineated in this work by "Peregrine," this exception by no means applies, and, as generally happens where writers are driven to rely upon their own resources, that part of the volume is the best. Captain Salvin also might have discovered all the details of Chinese cormorant fishing, of which he makes so great a perplexity, brilliantly illuminated with plates, in Ogilby's celebrated "Atlas Sinensis;" and, as Sir John Davis, Dr. Bowring, and Mr. Fortune have successively established, probably none the less authentic for the facts having first been stated by Messer Marco Polo, "Messer Marco" of the Italian tell-tales.

We cannot doubt indeed that "Falconry" is a healthful sport, but its day is certainly gone by; and there are more pre-requisites to its restoration than merely inuring the crack shots of the country to "ware hawk," or teaching the hawks to beware of them; though certainly no nobleman or gentleman in his senses would, as the case at present stands, attempt to keep hawks of considerable value, so long as they are liable to be shot. And we don't think the rifle corps, that now place fire-arms in some fifty thousand additional hands throughout the country, at all diminish the chance of the best-trained falcons falling to the best-aimed shot. The curious argument of toleration for the peregrine upon our moors is urged, not that she (it is the female bird of prey that is largest and most powerful) is innocent of destroying grouse, but that before she will kill a healthy one, she will use up all the diseased! Now, we have said that nothing will ever reconcile our sportsmen to the revival of falconry; but as a matter of curiosity—as a relic of the olden time, as furnishing a few strange examples of turning to account the worst and most ferocious of instincts, the vicious propensities of birds of prey—we have no objection to pass a short space in our modern falconer's company. A pleasant companion he is, too, although his forced newspaper spirits and pumped-up *facetiae*, when met with within the grave squat corners of an octavo volume, decidedly "puzzle the will," as somebody says in Shakspeare; you cannot well tell what to make of them. We have made up our mind, however, to excuse Peter Bell, the waggoner, and that everlasting quotation about his "yellow primrose" (very vulgar colour for a primrose), as well as the long digression concerning Mrs. Glasse and the hare "un-

caught," because we perceive this *persiflage* to have formed a necessity in the author's situation.

We ought to state, however, upon the information of this present volume, that if anybody really wishes to try falconry, now that the Royal Hawking Tournaments of the Loo in Holland are at an end, it appears from a note that as the work was passing through the press, a Hawking Club has actually been established in England under the able management of C. E. Holford, Esq., Round House, Ware. The price of a good (the best) trained tercel ought not to exceed 5*l.* 5*s.*

The choice bird for hawking is the peregrine, a falcon so widely distributed as to be found literally surveying the world "from China to Peru." This falcon invariably strikes his prey on the wing, either by a stoop—"the high, long, rapid stoop," says Mr. Freeman, "with a passing cut of the hind talons at the end of it," the more brilliant of the two—or, by a clutch which is upheld as the more effectual. How they are to be arrayed in bells and jesses; trained to the lure, and taught to respond to the falconer's cries, must be discovered by consulting the book itself. The would-be falconer must also apply him to the same source to learn of the other equipments of his art—gloves, hoods, swivels, leash, block, and so forth. We pass likewise the breaking to the hood—the important lesson of "waiting on" (imparted to the hawk, not only to the master), and that essential course of domestic management, which must be studied by every keeper of hawks, from the minute and singular process of *imping*, or mending a broken feather, to the search after a strayed hawk. We do so to accommodate ourselves with space for the quotation of a story told to "the ladies, and to Brown, Jones, and Robinson," by Peregrine in person, which shows the zest with which he himself indulges in the sport. But, by the way, we perceive that immediately previous to his recital, Peregrine speaks of "John Anderson, one of the falconers employed by the ancient family of the Flemings of Barochan Tower, Renfrewshire," who died in 1833 at the age of 84. Now, if this reference has been introduced with a view to support the antiquity of falconry, no one we think would have scouted it more readily than the late Mr. Fleming of Barochan (not Barochan Tower), who, in place of claiming ancient descent, had risen to fortune by his own exertions in India, and spent the evening of his days as resident proprietor along with his only sister on this rural property, entirely as an experimental agriculturist. He was also a naturalist; but his favourite pursuit was entomology:

ANECDOTES OF GAME HAWKING.

"Can you tell us an anecdote *apropos* of game hawking?"—"Here's a fine stoop for you, at any rate," said I. "Col. the Hon. S. G. Monkton saw a favourite falcon of the late Col. Benham do this: The falcon was 'waiting on' rather wide, there being a strong breeze at the time, when up sprang an old cock grouse, uttering his wild cry as he skimmed rapidly down the wind. In an instant, the falcon (which seemed, from its great pitch, hardly larger than a pin's head) made a straight-forward flight for a short distance, and then with a pause, as if to take aim, but which was almost imperceptible, came down like a meteor upon the grouse, which, from the power of the stroke and the speed at which it was flying, spun over and over in its long slanting fall, and was found deep in the heather. Col. Benham had an excellent little tiercel, called 'little Jack,' a famous bird

for snipe. The Colonel used to go out with him before breakfast, and seldom bagged less than two or three. The same gentleman was flying the Countess (a fine eyess falcon) at grouse; she was ringing at a great pitch when the old setter made a steady point. The peregrine moved on over the dog; a grouse was sprung, but as the hawk gathered herself for a stoop—which, had it sped, would have carried death—a raven, to the infinite surprise of all who looked on, intervened between the pursued and the pursuer, with the motive, however, of not intercepting destruction, but of aiding it. She joined in the chase, but utterly spoiled the stoop of the falcon. The grouse “put in.” The Countess, disdaining the society of the vulgar nigger, rose loftily; and, as the quarry was again flushed, prepared once more for her stoop. Again the raven, convinced that she alone could bring matters to a satisfactory issue, and claiming the common rights of the air, started in pursuit, placing her black body between the high-born lady and the flying prize. This was too gross; the “Countess” came down like lightning on the back of the intruder, with one blow sent it off sick and croaking to the rocks; and then, as though she had but brushed a gnat from her path, regained her pitch for the third time, and killed the grouse at a single stoop. The Colonel, and his old falconer McCulloch, declared it was the finest thing in falconry they had ever seen. And now, said I ‘once more, and we have done. Captain Salvin told me the following: “I once had a flight with ‘Verba,’ an eyess falcon at an old cock grouse, upon Grassington Moor in Craven, near Skipton. The flight must have been about two miles. When I reached the spot where I expected to meet with the hawk, I found her panting and completely done, at some little distance from the grouse, which was wounded and exhausted, lying amongst a heap of feathers. Neither could stir when I got up, and I shall never forget the pretty picture I thought it would have made. The grouse had fallen on a burn side where the heather had given place to that beautiful short, soft, green grass which is made by the browsing of sheep and geese. Then as a background there was a sparkling stream, with rock, fringed with fern and purple heather, &c.”

It were vain and superfluous to comment on these stories; they are “falconry,” which, when it furnishes a remarkable incident, we may well hesitate implicitly to believe, and when it only leads you to expect that which is remarkable, ends in a pretty *tableau*. Speaking of *tableaux*, a few illustrations of tolerable merit are attempted in the book. But as we get into the life of the work these are less required; the descriptions are of magpie-hawking with the peregrine, and heron-hawking, “the chivalry” of the sport, not to mention innumerable passing sketches of the author’s favourite birds, as we go successively through the merits and treatment of the different orders, such as the merlin, the hobby, the gos-hawk, and the varied scenes brought up in “lark-hawking,” and hawking at pigeons, partridges, ring-ouzel, blackbirds, thrushes, snipe, plover, landrail, and quail, down even to rabbits. The loss and recovery of the cock-merlin “Ruby” is sufficiently well told. Finally, there is the sparrow-hawk—finally, so far as concerns our own country; for this is quite a toy bird of slight pretensions, although used by the late Sir John Sebright, who is related to have flown one of his own breaking at and to have taken with it a wild partridge—the hawk being of his own training, and only ten days from the wood. There are, Mr. Freeman tells us, now in England, several gentlemen who fly the sparrow-hawk most successfully. He names for one, Mr. Bower, of Barmstone, near Hull; as also Sir Charles Slingsby, Sir Molyneux Nepean, and “Major Vernier, too, who having seen it used by the Sikhs some years ago when his regiment was in India,

caught 150 birds in about three months with a single hawk.” The grand hawking birds, are, however, the Norway, Greenland, and Iceland falcons; the Greenlanders being identified with the ger or white falcons of yore, concerning one of which “Lord Angus’s white hawk,” the author tells a story:

“In 1545 there was a certain battle fought in Scotland called ‘Lilliard’s Edge;’ at the commencement of it (says Sir Walter Scott) Lord Angus, as he led his Scots against the English horse, saw a heron rise from a marsh close at hand. ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘that I had my white hawk here! We could then all join battle together.’”

This was, probably enough, “the ruling passion strong in death;” but has not Mr. Freeman forgotten the far better story, told by that same Sir Walter Scott, about that same Lord Angus, and that same white hawk? The Queen goes to the Black Douglas to ask one of his castles of him; and as she enters the hall of Tantallon he is feeding the hawk. Without professing to heed her or hear the demand, Angus addressing the hawk says, ‘Deil’s in this greedy gled, will she ne’er be fu!’—a sentence worthy of Dean Ramsay’s “Reminiscences.” When once, however, the author has diverged from the hawks incidental to our own country, there is no end to his excursive matter. Indian hawks are introduced. And in the long run Captain Salvin appears upon the scene with wonderful relations respecting the training of the cormorant and otter to fishing. There we shall take our leave of both; believing that an hour may be worse spent in a country-house or even a cockney-sportsman’s parlour than in “reading up these pleasing enthusiasms for fresh fields and pastures new;”—fields of air and water meadows! Eh?

The Romantic Scottish Ballads; their Epoch and Authorship. By Robert Chambers, F.R.S.E., &c. (London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.)

In this number of the *Edinburgh Papers*, Mr. Chambers gives a detailed statement of the reasons which have led him to adopt a theory, of which he has for some time past been a staunch advocate, that many of the romantic Scottish ballads which have been generally admired and received as genuine relics of a very remote age, are really to be attributed to a period not more distant than the early part of the last century. The truth of this opinion in the case of one of these ballads, “Hardyknute,” has long been considered as conclusively established. Bishop Percy, in including this ballad among his “Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,” gives the first hint of its modern origin. Its production before the world has been definitely traced in the first instance to Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Charles Halket, of Pitfirran, a baronet of Charles II.’s creation. She was born on April 15th, 1677, and married Sir Henry Wardlaw, of Pitreavie, in 1696. Her account of the matter was that she found the poem written upon some shreds of paper, “employed for what is called the bottoms of clues;” and it was published as a genuine ancient relic in 1719. A suspicion, however, shortly arose that Lady Wardlaw was, not the discoverer, but the actual author, of the poem: an imputation which is not only supported by independent evidence, but which appears to have been actually admitted by the lady herself. From the fact that the original

manuscript of the ballad was sent to Lord Binning by Sir John Hope Bruce, of Kinross, Lady Wardlaw’s brother-in-law, accompanied by a transparently fictitious story of its having been found in a vault at Dunfermline, Bishop Percy concludes that this gentleman was the real author, or that he made Lady Wardlaw “the midwife of his poetry.” Mr. Chambers, however, is of opinion that it was written by Lady Wardlaw herself, alleging, among other more valid reasons, the testimony of her relations that she was “a woman of elegant accomplishments, who wrote other poems, and practised drawing, and cutting paper with her scissors, and who had much wit and humour, with great sweetness of temper.”

The modern origin of this particular ballad being thus conclusively established, it becomes, as it were, a standard by which to test the antiquity of other productions of the same class. By employing it in this manner, Mr. Chambers arrives at the conclusion that no less than eight other Scottish ballads, published by Bishop Percy, “Sir Patrick Spence,” “Gil Morrice,” “Edward Edward,” “The Jew’s Daughter,” “Gilderoy,” “Young Waters,” “Edom o’ Gordon,” and “The Bonny Earl o’ Murray,” are to be attributed to the same pen as “Hardyknute.” In the case of none of these poems is there any more definite statement made of its origin than that it was taken from “a manuscript copy sent from Scotland.” He further assigns the same authorship to several other ballads not included in the Percy collection, those which afford the strongest grounds for suspicion being “Johnie o’ Bradislee,” “Mary Hamilton,” “The Gay Goshawk,” “Fause Poodrage,” and “The Lass o’ Lochryan.” By subjecting all these ballads to a very careful and detailed analysis, Mr. Chambers shows that they are all characterised by a singular similarity of construction, and by a constant repetition of the same very remarkable modes of expression, which can hardly be accounted for on any other supposition than that of their being all the work of one common author. To the obvious objection that we may reasonably expect to meet with a very similar, or even identical, modes of expression in ballads which belong to the same remote period, he replies in the following manner:

“Passages and phrases of one poem appear in another from various causes—plagiarism and imitation; and in traditional lore, it is easy to understand how a number of phrases might be in general use, as part of a common stock. But the parallel passages above noted are confined to a particular group of ballads; they are not to such an extent *beauties* as to have been produced by either plagiarism or imitation; it is submitted that they thus appear by an overwhelmingly superior likelihood as the result of a common authorship in the various pieces.”

There can be no doubt that many of the numerous passages cited by Mr. Chambers from these various ballads, present so close and exact a parallelism with each other as to furnish a very strong argument in favour of his view. Occasionally, however, he hunts out similarities which an eye at all less keen or willing than his own would probably fail to detect. For instance, is it not going rather too far to say that Sir Patrick Spence’s exclamation, “To Noroway! to Noroway!” finds an exact counterpart in the “To horse! to horse!” of the courtier in “Hardyknute”? It is but fair to add that this is, in our opinion, quite the weakest instance cited by

Mr. Chambers. It is chiefly from the profuse and elaborate descriptions of dress and general upholstery which occur in this group of ballads, that Mr. Chambers concludes them to be the work of a woman. Finally, he insists on the fact that all these ballads are very different, both in diction and in modes of thought, from any which are of undoubtedly ancient origin, and have been handed down by oral tradition. There is, he says, "an air of *breeding* about them which is never found in the productions of rustic genius." In support of this view, he quotes an entire ballad of the latter class, "James Hatelie," which was taken down from the singing of an old man in the south of Scotland, prefacing its introduction by the following remarks:

"It may be demanded that something should be done to verify, or at least support, the allegation here made as to the peculiar literary character of the suspected ballads. This is, of course, a point to be best made out by a perusal of the entire body of this class of compositions, and scarcely by any other means. Still, it is a difference so striking, that even to present one typical ballad of true rustic origin, could not fail to make a considerable impression on the reader, after he has read specimens of those which are here attributed to a higher source. Be it observed, when an uneducated person speaks of knights, lords, and kings, or of dames and damosels, he reduces all to one homely level. He indulges in no diplomatic periphrases. It is simply, the king said this, and the lord said that; this thing was done, and that thing was done; the catastrophe or *dénouement* comes by a single stroke. This we find in the true stall-ballads. A vulgar, prosaic, and drawing character pervades the whole class, with few exceptions—a fact which ought to give no surprise, for does not all experience show that literature of any kind, to have effect, requires for its production a mind of some cultivation, and really good verse flowing from an un instructed source is what never was, is not now, and never will be?"

To the objection that, if a person living in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. had composed so many fine poems, he or she could not have remained so long unknown, Mr. Chambers replies by referring to the case of Lady Nairn, who, though living at a much later period, and having written several most celebrated songs (among which are "The Land o' the Leal," "Callie Herring," "The Laird o' Cockpen," &c.) passed through a life of seventy-nine years without being known as a song writer to more than a single person.

Such are, briefly stated, the grounds on which Mr. Chambers bases his opinion respecting the modern origin of many of the romantic Scottish ballads. The belief in their antiquity is, however, so general, and so pleasant withal, and the ballads themselves are such universal favourites, that the conclusion at which he arrives cannot fail to meet in many quarters with a very unfavourable reception. But it must not, we think, be denied that he succeeds in making out a very strong case in support of his views. On all antiquarian subjects connected with Scotland (to the discussion of which, by-the-by, we heartily wish he would confine himself exclusively), Mr. Chambers's opinion is entitled to no small weight. On the other hand, we must not forget that many distinguished authorities—among them Professor Aytoun—consider these ballads as genuine relics of antiquity. Our object has been, by a fair and candid statement of the grounds of Mr. Chambers's view, to enable the reader to form his own opinion on this very interesting question.

Nice and its Climate. By Edwin Lee, M.D. (W. J. Adams.)

Spain and its Climates. By Edwin Lee, M.D. (W. J. Adams.)

The South of France. By Edwin Lee, M.D. (W. J. Adams.)

The Climate of Brighton. By William Kebbell, M.D. (Longman, Green, Longman, & Roberts.)

An intelligent friend of ours once remarked to us, it appeared to him that the general tendency of mankind was to do things wrongly, and that education to a certain extent consisted in a system of counteraction; the tendency of a person learning to draw was to make *crooked* lines instead of straight ones, of a beginner on a musical instrument to play *wrong* notes, and so forth. Indeed such a *nus* may be said to have an influence even over the moral attributes of man, when we remark that human legislation is always more or less of a corrective character, its object being rather to repress crime than to encourage virtue (as if virtue were but a negative property of human nature!) Well, amongst the wrong tendencies of the last fifty years or so was the system the "doctors" ("apothecaries" of those days—"general practitioners" *hodie*) had of drenching their patients with physic, whilst they not uncommonly drew off their blood, in the same proportion as they substituted their nauseous compounds for the vital fluid, considering, we presume, the former as the superior and more essential to the well-being of their fellow creatures. A not unsalutary check to this pernicious practice has been another delusion of the present day, viz.: homœopathy. But here again we have another striking instance of the perversity of human nature. Had the homœopaths contented themselves with saying to the allopathists: "You give your patients immoderate quantities of physic, and more often than not ignore altogether those general hygienic measures (such as diet, exercise, bathing, &c.) upon which after all the health of man so intimately depends: we, on the contrary, merely use physic as an adjuvant to the regulation of the general functions of the human body." We say, had the homœopaths gone so far and no further, they would have deserved well of mankind. But no! Such suggestions were too common, too obvious to command attention, and they must fain resort to their "globules," their "infinitesimals," "*similia similibus curantur*," in a word, to explain by delusive trickeries that of which the explanation was already patent and satisfactory. Amongst the, so to say, hygienic remedies of medicine no one is more important than that of climate. For a person in robust health perhaps the fittest climate is that in which he has been bred and born—that to which he is "acclimatised." But in disease the balance of the several functions of the body may be so deranged, as to require a corresponding change of climate for its amelioration or reinstatement. Indeed, independent of the selection of any particular climate to suit any particular disease, the very change itself may prove of benefit to the invalid, just as we often see a wound heal up more rapidly under a judicious change of applications, than it probably would have done under one and the same continuous application. Of late years physicians have paid greater attention to the subject of climate as a remedial agent. The works of Dr. Lee,

now before us, are both interesting and instructive, and acquire a "solidity" (as the Germans call it) from the fact that his information has been derived on the spot, and is not a mere compilation of other persons' labours. From the necessarily very detailed nature of these works, it would be impossible for us to present our readers with anything like an analysis of their contents; the books must be read for themselves, and, we can conscientiously say, will repay the reading. Dr. Lee, in his "*Nice and its Climate*," has, at p. 121 *et seq.*, some judicious remarks on the causes of consumption. He very properly says, "Medicine in this disease, however useful as an adjuvant to general and hygienic treatment . . . if exclusively trusted to, will do little more than palliate." Dr. Lee seems to think, and certainly with some reason, that the humidity of a climate is a powerful predisposing cause of consumption. In illustration of this point he states that "nowhere is the mortality greater from this disease than in Holland." Another cause of consumption that Dr. Lee insists on are sedentary habits or occupations. As startling instances of this he states that "in the penitentiary of Auburn (New York) the prisoners confined in narrow cells die from slow diseases, *seven out of ten deaths being from consumption*. The effects of seclusion and sedentary occupation are also seen, on a large scale, among the labourers employed in the silk manufactories at Lyons. From a statement of MM. Brachet and Rougier, physicians to the hospital, it appears that of 250 deaths, 82 were from consumption occurring in this section of the population." It is too commonly the practice amongst medical men to pay such exclusive attention to the state of the stomach and bowels in any general *malaise* of the system, as to forget that there are other important emunctories of the body: of these none is more important than the skin. As we descend in the scale of organised beings we find the skin acquire a more and more extended physiological significance, and though we cannot very well be said to, like some of the lowest animals, eat and drink with our skin, still its functions are so important that the repression of those functions cannot fail of producing most unsalutary effects on the system at large. Let any one on entering a bath observe after the moderate use of a flesh brush the large quantity of scurf (effete portions of skin) floating in the water, and ask himself how can the functions of the skin be properly carried on if covered by such a layer of dead matter. Dr. Lee tells us that when an Egyptian meets a compatriot he does not say "How do you do?" but "How do you sweat?" Without going entirely with Dr. Lee in considering repression of the cutaneous function so powerfully a predisposing cause of consumption as he does, we quite agree with him in attaching great importance to the due conservation of the activity of this important organ of the body. We regret that we cannot here follow Dr. Lee any further, but must conclude our notice of his works by saying that they appear to us written in the right spirit:—but with regard to the style of composition, Dr. Lee will forgive us when we say we think he might be a little less prolix, and should studiously avoid writing his descriptions of localities too much in the style of the *petit livre rouge*, which a late writer in *The Times* rather piquantly observed the French considered as one of the principal

characteristics of our countrymen on the continent.

The less we say of Dr. Keble's "work" the better. He tells us "the tonsils and mammary glands are frequently the seat of tubercular deposit;" we confess our own experience must be much less than Dr. Keble's. He speaks of "ophthalmia, or inflammation of the outer coats of the eye in children," of "otorrhœa or purulent discharges from the ear," of "hydrocephalus (water on the brain)," of "hydrargyrum à Crêtê, grey powder," and other equally valuable information. Speaking of consumption he hopes that he "may be the means of contributing, however slightly, under Providence, to some mitigation of its present fatal ravages." We hope he may, but we fear he will not. We think the best channel for the propagation of Dr. Keble's views is that of "private circulation only."

ULTRAMONTANISM.

WE have lately had occasion to speak, with some severity, of books written both by Roman Catholics and Protestants for sectarian purposes, books full of unfair inferences and unwarranted premises, and the more objectionable because having the semblance of being written on general, and therefore indifferent subjects. Such a book was the "Realities of Paris Life," our notice of which produced a correspondence between ourselves and an old and respected subscriber, of the Roman Catholic faith. We have now before us a subject which requires an attentive consideration; its intrinsic importance will not allow us to pass it over without notice, and we trust that our Roman Catholic friends will give us credit for being actuated only by a desire to speak justly in all that we are now about to advance. The subject of education in Ireland is one of the greatest possible moment. It is within comparatively a few years that Ireland has become a safe and peaceable country. Her normal state was that of chronic rebellion. There were whole regions, and wide ones, too, where the king's writ did not run—assassination was frightfully common—rick-burning was a favourite amusement—tithe-proctors were carded*—and objectionable landlords shot at from behind a hedge with as much coolness as in other lands an aim would have been taken at a hare or a partridge. While this were the amusements of the "finest pisantry on the face of the air," the land was gradually falling out of cultivation, and the cottages out of repair—the pig was the most respected member of the family, and "good right had he, since it was he that ped the rint." All that we hear with wonder of the wandering tribes of Samoyedes and Ostiacks, was literally true of British subjects, sharers with ourselves in all the privileges of our laws and constitution. These characteristics to which we refer, have, in the course of a few years, entirely disappeared. Ireland is already the most flourishing part of her Majesty's dominions, and just in proportion as prosperity advances is there a cry for education. To answer this demand, there is, first, the old University of Trinity College, Dublin, one of the most splendid institutions in the world; then there is the

College of St. Patrick, at Maynooth; after these arose the Queen's University, with its Colleges at Belfast, Galway, and Cork; and lastly, "The Catholic University of Dublin." Of Trinity College and Maynooth we shall say nothing at present: the Queen's University has lately been the subject of our especial attention, and we rejoice in its increasing usefulness and its unobtrusive success.

But we have a few words to say on "The Catholic University." This institution does not appear to make much progress in popularity, if we may judge from the small number of its members, and we must candidly confess that we are a little surprised at this. It is true that Roman Catholics may obtain all the honours and distinctions as well as all the educational advantages held out by the other colleges, still we should have anticipated that when a seminary was opened to receive them, recommended by all their clergy, and presided over by the most eminent scholars that their church could furnish, they would have flocked into its halls to the entire desertion of those where their faith was not taught, and where they were perpetually brought not only into the society but under the government of Protestants. That there is any want of erudition or capacity on the part of those who manage the Catholic University will not be contended for a moment even by the most zealous Protestant. Its want of success must be attributed either to the indifference of Ireland to the faith once so general, or to some defect in the system of instruction. We are ourselves inclined to assign the latter as the real cause, and the more so since Archbishop Cullen has recently favoured the world with his notions of what should be the education of a Roman Catholic gentleman. He, that is the Roman Catholic gentleman aforesaid, should, in the first place, be profoundly versed in the scholastic theology and philosophy; he should be familiar with the theories of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas; and with the doctrines of these great men, he should blend the practice of their times. He should have a child-like deference towards the See of Rome, and all who derive their authority from that august source. He should cultivate the virtue of implicit obedience, and recognise the infallibility of the Church in general, and its head in particular. He should understand that his faculties were given him to use, not for evil, but for good, and therefore he should use them only so far and in such directions as the Church allows. So far we can quite understand the character, and we need not go far to find a splendid specimen of it. If we may not select Archbishop Cullen himself, we will at all events take Count de Montalembert as an example of the possibility of such a development.

But, unhappily for his consistency, the Roman Catholic Primate does not stop here; hitherto, we have been considering studies in which the student is guided by authority, "Thus hath the Master spoken," "αὐτὸς ἐφη." There is an end of the matter, for no controversy is allowed. But, in these days, we cannot go far on the road to knowledge without finding ourselves face to face with disputed theories. Science puts in her claim. You must not be satisfied with being a dialectician; you must be an experimentalist also; you must learn to think and judge for yourself; you must be prepared to embrace truth, in whatever form it may come. Plato may be a friend, but truth must be a still dearer one. You must accept doctrines

more startling than those of Galileo; you must be ready to go on, trampling down the authority of ages, and clearing away the decisions of fathers and councils, just like so much sea-drift swept forward by the remorseless breakers.

Here the two characters come into conflict. We may have the diplomatist, the metaphysician, nay, even the modern fine gentleman, grafted upon the mediæval scholastic; such combinations are not rare; but the acquisition of physical science upsets the whole; it introduces a new and discordant element, and one which will soon and certainly absorb the whole character into itself, and utterly destroy whatever is not in accordance with its demands. It is an attempt to mingle fire and water, gall and honey, and to obtain from each its distinct characteristic.

Now we are about to inquire how far this notion of the Archbishop has to do with the failure of the Catholic University. We presume it will be granted that Dr. Cullen has not made in his own person the proposed amalgamation. What he may be as a scholastic divine we know not. We are aware that his claims to scientific distinction are of the smallest. Neither can we say much for Dr. Newman in this respect. They are, perhaps, neither of them aware of the difficulties which lie in the way of their pet project.

But we are inclined to think that it is the Ultramontanism which is the disqualifying ingredient. The Irish are not good at implicit obedience, they are fond of knowing why they are to do this or that; and if they are now quiet, orderly, and peaceable, it is because now, for the first time, they are really free. Government is no longer with them a mere engine of repression. The Protestant has no rights which are not shared in an equal degree by his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects—*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* are realities, not mere words among them, and they are not inclined to give up any part of their freedom, either political or intellectual. Now Ultramontanism, which makes Rome the ultimate court of appeal, which requires a prostration of the judgment, which permits no swerving to the right or to the left from the line which it has itself prescribed, is not the scheme likely to suit the views of a people so situated. The effect hitherto has been to send numbers of the Roman Catholics over to the rival faith, and the more strongly the attempt is made to secure that unreasoning assent which Ultramontanism demands, the greater and the more numerous will be the defections. Again, Ireland has always been a land of Patriots. Her children may have been deceived by demagogues, they may have been hurried into unnatural and unavailing revolt, but they have always acted with the conviction that what they did was for the benefit of

"The first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea."

Ultramontanism requires that Rome should be first considered, the interests of Rome first consulted. There was a time when Irishmen would have done this, when, to drive out or to humble the hated Saxon, they would have bound themselves to the chariot wheels of France. But that time has long passed. We laugh now at the impotent swaggerings of Smith O'Brien, because we know that his countrymen laugh at them too. We have disarmed him with a contemptuous pardon. We have disarmed Ireland by listening to her reasonable complaints and redressing her real grievances; and now

* The mode of carding a tithe-proctor was as follows: the unhappy wretch was stripped, and laid on his face, a cat, the most powerful that could be procured, was then placed between his shoulders, and drawn down to the hips by the tail, ploughing his way with his talons; this process was repeated till the flesh was all torn off the back of the unfortunate sufferer.

Irish patriotism has learned that the distinctions of Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman have reference only to geographical position. All have one common country, all glory in the name of Briton—have one common polity and one common object. Ultramontanism must invariably spoil any cause with which it attempts to amalgamate itself.

We are not surprised, therefore, to see Irish Roman Catholics sending their sons to Trinity College, or to the Queen's Colleges; their faith is not tampered with, and, at the last-named institution, theology makes no part of the required course; and yet we imagine we can see how "The Catholic University" might have acquired and maintained a hold on the affections of the members of the Church of Rome in that country. If it had recognised their patriotism and appealed to their chivalry; if it had said, "we are contented that the progress of the age should continue, and only ask of you a dutiful deference to the Church, in which you were born. Take the freedom which is your birthright, and examine the claims which we put forth to your obedience; and, above all, remember that he whom we esteem as the successor of St. Peter, whose seat is invested with that solemn dignity which belongs to an original creation, is a politically helpless old man, surrounded by enemies, with scarcely any freedom to act for himself—full of love for his people he lays aside the terrors of his power, and seeks now only to control them by persuasion." Had such language as this been used, the result would, we think, have been very different—the impulsive chivalry of the Irish character would have manifested itself in an outburst of enthusiasm, and "The Catholic University" would have reckoned its *alumni* by thousands. Whether it be in the power of Dr. Cullen, and those by whom he is surrounded, thus to speak; whether they could utter such voices and still remain in connection with their ecclesiastical centre, it is not for us to say. Of one thing we are certain, that Ultramontanism never did and never could flourish in England, and that the age is passed for its prevalence in the sister island.

NEW NOVELS.

Now or Never. By M. Betham Edwards. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.)

CHARACTERS of the centaur-type, beginning with one kind of animal and ending with another; a story confused in the telling, and fragmentary and disconnected in the building-up; actions abrupt and unprepared; motives inadequate and unnatural: these are the faults and flaws of "Now or Never," which has only good intention and an honest purpose to make it acceptable to the public. The story is thronged enough for two novels; and the likeness between parts and incidents, which now makes the whole work monstrous and uninteresting, would have been sufficiently varied if parted into three or four different settings. The key-note of "Now or Never" is love failure. All fail in love affairs; some in one manner, some in another; but all coming to the same mournful goal at the end—heart-break and disappointment. But the women—where on earth has the writer got her models for such a set of flirting, vain, heartless, faithless, feather-heads? What group of English women could be found, not one of whom would be worthy of honour or respect?—always excepting Annette, who, however, does as much harm, and causes as much sorrow, by her over-virtue and high-mindedness, as the rest do by their flightiness and want of principle. The main incidents of the

story are these. Tom Winter loves cousin Betie, or Bertha, and is undeniably loved in return: one night he is almost at the end of his offer, Betie almost at the beginning of her acceptance, when "the Count" stands before them, and the words die upon their lips. The next morning, when he would renew the conversation, he finds that the Count has been before him, has proposed, and is accepted, and that the little country girl, with her innocent blue eyes and wild-rose cheeks, has been able to transfer her heart, and all its passionate love, in less than twenty-four hours. Yet Betie is intended to be a very sweet, pure, innocent, and admirable "little thing." Dr. Ray and Annette are lovers, unconfessed, but because no one in this book exactly knows his or her own mind, Dr. Ray flirts with Agatha, a young maiden without head or virtue, though one cannot exactly make out why she should have been made so very bad and vile. Whereupon, Dr. Ray is haughtily repulsed by Annette, when speaking time comes; and, without explanation on either side, they part with mutual dissatisfaction and mutual heart-break. Dr. Ray then engages himself to Agatha, whom, notwithstanding the Annette affair, he loves in the most tender and accommodating manner: Agatha all the while carrying on an intrigue with the Count—her dear friend Betie's husband. She ends, at last, in arranging an elopement with that fascinating Polish Don Juan, which elopement is prevented just in time to save the two guilty ones from ruin, while bringing despair on all the innocent. Even in the past we can find no faith or truth on which to rest. Even old Mr. Honeychurch, a most respectable and amiable old gentleman, jilted Matty Alix; and so we sweep round in one monotonous whirl of disappointment, coquetry, and deceit. Yet there is stuff of a kind in "Now or Never," evidence of a certain power which, if well disciplined, might be made available for something better than the present inartistic and unworkmanlike book. But much patience, thought, earnestness, endeavour, and a liberal use of the exsiccating scissors are yet wanting before anything really good can be accomplished. Had half this book been clipped away, the rest might have stood out fairly enough; but in its present state, it is emphatically what the Miss de Witts' housemaid would have called, "all of a muddle," without natural cohesion in the parts, or dramatic power in the whole.

Mr. and Mrs. Asheton. By the author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," &c., &c. Three Vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

We can cordially recommend this very agreeable novel. It is full of interest, and totally without either affectation or pretensions. The characters throughout are well sustained and consistent; that of Mrs. Trevor, the "meddlesome Matty" of the story, peculiarly so. Asheton, the weak selfish man of the world, who suffers himself, in the egotism of his vanity, to be induced by his restless and interfering sister to wrong a young and gentle wife, is a powerful piece of world-painting, while the wife-ridden Mr. Trevor is sketched to the very life. We will not, by giving any outline of the plot, diminish the gratification of the reader, but we cannot refrain from making one short extract as a specimen of the good sense which pervades the book. At the instigation of Mrs. Trevor, whose insolence of family pride has been outraged by the fact of her brother having married the daughter of a brave soldier, of less ancient descent than himself; he is induced to deprive her of her children, and to carry them off to the continent, in order to conduct their education according to his own exclusive notions and those of his sister, leaving his injured wife under the protection of his mother. As a natural consequence she does not escape the breath of slander, a fact which is duly communicated to her absent husband, who, having signally failed in his educational scheme, has shut himself and his rude unruly little ones up on a retired villa near Carrara, with the consul of which town he becomes gradually so intimate as to confide to him the secret of his life;

upon which Mr. Courtenay, like a rational man, observes:

"'I cannot but think, however, there has been underground work; your sister, now, was she at all jealous, do you think, of your pretty wife?'"

"'Perhaps—yes, I fear she was.' 'Ha! ha! ha! humph, silly people are more given to jealousy than any others! Ha! ha! I see my way—the fog rises—a light shines on me.' Mr. Courtenay half-muttered, half-thundered this out, like the notes touched by an inexperienced finger on an organ."

"'Pray, sir (Mr. Courtenay had a way of sounding his r's when excited), did it never strike you that, owing to the malevolence of some individual (would I could catch 'em!), your wife's name being placed in juxtaposition with some other name, through no fault of hers, it was the duty, the pleasure of her husband, her protector, her guardian to have flown to her side—supported, upheld, loved, idolized her more than ever. Let me catch anyone tampering with my wife's name. By Heaven! I would walk through England from one end to the other, she on my arm, and challenge the world to utter another word. I would pay court to her as if she was a queen, I would obey her slightest wish, I would prize her smallest favour, I would see no other woman when she was by, and it should be through no fault of mine if slander did not sink away like a whipt cur, and malice go down to the place from which the evil natures of men are mad enough to draw her. Oh! I would, I would—Oh! the base sin of leaving that poor young thing to face what you could not face alone. Do you hear, sir? You feared to encounter the breath of a rumour, and you expect she will bear the full brunt. Have you heard nothing from her?' 'Nothing.' 'Quite right; I'd scorn it, if I was her—very right; I admire her.'"

In conclusion, we congratulate the author upon a pleasant and honest-hearted book; a decided advance upon her previous works—and confidently look forward to much gratification from a perusal of its successor.

SHORT NOTICES.

Notable Women. By Ellen C. Clayton. (Dean & Sons.) The first of a series of notable women is before us, in the shape of a biography of Miss Nightingale. The little work is well written, and as though by one having authority, which is of some importance when we read that the authoress is very earnest to assure her readers in the last pages that "the high-souled Florence Nightingale" has never for one moment thought of "abjuring the faith of her fathers." Our authoress scoffs at the report in the *Cork Reporter* to the effect that Miss Nightingale had entered a convent.

Kingston's Annual for Boys, 1860. (Bosworth & Harrison.) This is a reprint, or rather re-baptism of "Kingston's Magazine for Boys." It is full of dashing papers, and contains but few tedious pages, and certainly nothing like the page we recently quoted from Mr. Kingston's "Will Weatherhelm." There is one very good tale in the collection, of a young middy, who takes refuge in an Alpine cavern from a night snow-storm, and finds it tenanted by a wolf, who, prompted by instinct, nestles upon the human intruder that both may be kept alive by mutual warmth. Some of the lines are full of force:

"Well, I hadn't lain there three minutes when it was dark as you could wish it. I don't know whether any of you have ever been in the dark when full of anxiety; but if you have, you will believe me when I say every precious minute seemed an hour. Suddenly I thought of a second idea came into my head. Suppose I struck the fuses about one minute, they would not only help me through the darkness, but, luck willing, they might answer the purpose of a revolving light, and guide those who were looking for me to my place of shelter, or the light might be seen at the convent, from which I knew by the guide we were not far when I stopped to rest the rock. And I give you my honest word that not for one second did I feel any ill-will against my companions for leaving me behind; I somehow knew it was all right. So out came the fuse-box, and the next moment I had struck a light. Why I looked round the cave I can't tell, but I did, and I caught my breath, as you may suppose, when away in the dark I saw two great yellowish-green balls of fire. I don't think I moved for a moment, and then I began to question myself as to whether it was not all fancy. So I thought I would strike another light; but the box had fallen amongst the snow, and when I felt for the matches they were all mixed up with the powder, which is about the only name you can give the snow in those places; it is very different from the clammy snow we see here. Now, what was I to do? If I went out into the cavern I should be frozen to death, while to remain in the cave, and near those dreadful eyes, was maddening. Well, one way or the other, I determined not to go either backwards or forwards; so I curled myself up as small as possible, and lay shivering. I had only lain for what I now know to be a very short time, but which I took to be hours, when something soft came up against my knees

and elbows. You may believe I dashed out my fist, and felt it sink a foot deep in the soft snow, which I rightly guessed, had drifted up against the opposite side of the cavern till it fell over and rolled up against me. Good, so I was being snowed up, and I saw I must either go nearer those dreadful balls, which by this time I was sure were no fancy, and which I felt certain were looking towards me through the darkness, or I must stay where I was to be buried alive. I don't know how I came to the decision; but I did at last decide to go further into the cavern, and so I shuffled out of the way of the snow. And then I lay still again, waiting."

The Bye-Lanes and Downs of England, with Turf Scenes and Characters. By Sylvanus. (Richard Bentley.) A third edition of a book that drags forward men of character and mark, as proper subjects for the most impertinent private gossip—that deals familiarly with slangy "turrites," "legs," "hellites," Jew gamblers, prizefighters, and what not—a third edition of a book, half of which must be incomprehensible to any but the initiated, and which, when deciphered into ordinary English, is found scarcely worth the trouble. Surely this is a strange fact in literary economies! Well, the public is a strange master; a voracious feeder, and not an over-cleanly one, with days of abstinence and mortification in between, when nothing will go down, and when the daintiest bits fall and are rejected. Such days are made up for in the ebb tide, when the reading public rejects nothing, but stands like a Colossus all agape, and lets the whole shoal sail into harbour. Apparently we are singular in our dislike of Sylvanus's book, for three editions do not generally spring out of commercial barrenness; and two issues already expended, argue two circles of readers, both wide and appreciative. The third has to be found, but the firm knows pretty well its whereabouts, and can calculate the chances till they are reduced to certainties. We can scarcely give Sylvanus a very hearty pat on the head, or recommend him with anything like cordial mention to the notice of our readers; but for those young people who like to wade through a long, rambling, and not always interesting, sporting leader, taken from *Bell's Life* or the *Sunday Times*, the book may give them some amusement. But even this we think problematical. In the matter of profit or learning the event is more certain; but certain as a negative, without the hope of affirmation. We respect Sylvanus's unaffected esteem or admiration for Lord George Bentinck, and admire his thorough English feelings in all connected with sports; nevertheless we cannot bring ourselves to like his book, or to believe that the turf is anything but a school of the most deplorable morals, however satisfactory it may be for mere animal training.

Village Poems. By R. S. R. (Partridge & Co.) This is but a sorry production. There is neither rhyme, nor reason, nor grammar, in many parts of the volume. Not even Byron's great sanction ("Childe Harold," iv. 132) can make "thou looked and smiled on me" English; nor can his lordship's *lapis lingue*, or rather *phuma*, "there let him lay" (180), be any authority for "The wife sets in a parlour warm." It is a pity that R. S. R.'s friends did not teach him that *antic* is hardly the way to write *antique*, and did not put him through a course of Lindley Murray at night and Mavor's Spelling-Book in the morning, for a month or two before he ventured to make his appearance in public.

It is with great relief and much pleasure that we now turn to *Wedded Love*, by James C. Guthrie. (Partridge & Co.) There are faults in this book—faults of grammar: as, for instance, *cometh tears*, and *thou who've* (p. 64); *thou or me* (p. 126); *we might* (p. 139), &c., and many faults of rhythm. There are faults in quantities too—for example, it is *emphyreal* (p. 50), and *emphyreal* (p. 52); and both, at any rate, cannot be right, whichever the author may choose. But, notwithstanding all these faults—and there are none but what a judicious friend might very readily have seen and corrected—the poem is a good one, and deserves to become a favourite. Should it reach a second edition, the author will do well to get some classically-educated member of his acquaintance to revise the volume for him;

for it is a pity that it should be defaced by errors which may be, for the most part, so easily rectified. Mr. Guthrie evidently has great powers, and may, with a little care and a little kind assistance, win for himself no mean place among the poets of the day. His book evinces excellent feeling as well as high talent, and we have derived much gratification from the perusal of it.

The Workwoman's Day. By the Author of "The Mother's Mission," &c. (Published by the Religious Tract Society.) Inculcates, by means of a simple tale, the due observance of the Lord's Day on the part of young workpeople. We know well that, unfortunately, many of the working-class have not the opportunity, even if they had the wish, to attend a place of worship on the Sunday, and have in fact no day of rest at all. But to those who do have this day at their command, a perusal of this little volume might well be useful.

The Soldier Spiritualised. Second Edition. (Partridge & Co.) The author of this little work was the late Mr. John Mance, formerly a non-commissioned officer in the army, then in the London police force, and subsequently governor of Petworth Gaol. It may easily be judged of by the following heads from the table of contents:

"The Recruiting Service.—The enlisting of Recruits, &c.—The duty of Christians to increase the Christian Army."
"The Guard or Piquet.—The duty of those comprising it.—Christian Watchfulness."

It is written by a soldier, whose only instruction had been received from a female fellow-servant at a place where he was employed as a waiter; and it has no pretension to anything more than it actually possesses.

The Key of the Dioscouri: a History of the Nicene Times. This is No. IX. of the *Historical Tales*, published by J. H. & J. Parker. Though hardly equal in interest to one or two of the earlier tales, it is, nevertheless, exceedingly well done. Treating, as it does, of one of the most important events of the early Church, and introducing us personally to those who exercised the greatest influence upon the age in which they lived, it ably answers the object of this admirably conducted series, which is, to popularise the knowledge of ancient Church History, and the love of Church principles.

When the Snow Falls. By W. Moy Thomas. (Sampson Low & Co.) More treasures sorted out of that great magazine of literary treasures, *Household Words*, and marked off by their rightful owner! It is Mr. Thomas this time who claims his own, and challenges public opinion to himself. Well, Mr. Thomas need not be afraid of that opinion. If steady, careful writing, a quaint picturesque taste that is, in literature, what the old Flemish towns are in architecture; if great purity of feeling and great delicacy of imagery, can secure the sunny side of public opinion, Mr. Thomas may rest assured that his harvest will be no light one. All the stories now reproduced in these two volumes originally appeared in *Household Words*; or rather, we should say, all but one, "The Parish Clerk." One of the best stories of the collection, "The Two Rivers," was suggested by the editor of that periodical, Mr. Wills; and Mr. Dickens communicated the outline of another, "The Last Howley of Killowen." We mention this circumstance, not for the purpose of calling special attention to the stories, but as an instance of the rare friendliness, the literary brotherliness, which was one of the most distinguishing and delightful characteristics of "Household Words." This is by no means the only instance known to us where Mr. Wills has elaborated plots and incidents for the benefit of a young author's fame and position—where he has shown diligently that others might reap liberally. It is pleasant to be able to record such facts in a time when competition and an overstocked market give an Ishmaelite stamp to most men. Like Mr. Collins, Mr. Thomas has enframed his stories in a new setting. A retired city man and his sister take a large old-fashioned rambling house, somewhere down a quiet alley that leads into a square yard filled with trees. Here they gather together a congenial party, of

small means, and, for the most part, of many misfortunes: and here comes "The Silent Boarder," a slim, pale, near-sighted man, just beginning to be bald, and with "a stoop like that of a studious man." The Silent Boarder keeps away from the other inmates for more than twelve months; when suddenly, on one November evening, he joins the party in the great room, and henceforth abandons his solitude. After the intimacy of a few weeks has thawed and acclimatised him, he proposes, as a winter amusement, to read aloud some of his experiences of life in the form of short stories. Hence the volumes "When the Snow Falls." Perhaps the most finished of these stories is one of by no means a pleasant subject—"Dr. Graves, of Warwick Street." "A Guest for the Night," also painful and uncanny, is powerfully conceived and remarkably well told. But the great charm of the book throughout is the pure, quaint, rich manner of painting, which, as we said before, irresistibly reminds us of one of those old Flemish towns, where hard work and æsthetic beauty, actual human life and artistic loveliness, meet one everywhere side by side. Every pretty face has its appropriate framework in some rich carving or old luxuriant tracery; every story has its locality accurately defined, its scenery painted in with a careful brush, its outward circumstance and surroundings well preserved. Though there is something generally unfinished in these stories, there is nothing slurred or misty. So far as the work goes, it is excellent of its kind, and tolerates nothing "scamped." But even the grand old churches and town halls have sometimes deficient members; Strasbourg has only one tower, and Cologne is not perfected in all its parts. So, "When the Snow Falls," and we read our stories lovingly, we often wish that they were more thoroughly finished, more elaborately wrought out, and somewhat extended. Still, they are very lovely; and we are glad to be able now to index some of our favourites of the late periodical, and to know that it was Mr. Moy Thomas who wrote "Alice and the Angel," "Cogswell's," "The Two Rivers," "Tried Friendship," "Miss Furbey" (dear Miss Furbey!), and a host more of ancient loves, unchristened and uncatalogued till now.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Agassiz (Mrs.), *First Lessons Natural History*, 2nd ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Alford (A.), *Practical Works*, 3rd ed. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Alphabet and Anecdotes of Animals, 4to. 1s.
Bain (C.), *Poems*, 12mo. 3s.
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Boyd (A.), *German Ballads and Songs*, 12mo. 5s.
Boy's Own Magazine, Vol. 5, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Bunyan (C.), *Life of*, by Mrs. Gaskell, new ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
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Bunyan (J.), *Pilgrim's Progress*, illustrated by Gilbert, 4to. 10s. 6d.
Bunyan (J.), *Pilgrim's Progress*, illustrated by Scott, royal 8vo. 27s. 6d.
Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper, Vol. 4, new series, 4to. 4s. 6d.
Children's Bread from the Master's Table, new ed. 18mo. 1s.
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Cole (A.), *Lorimer Littlewood*, new ed. 12mo. 2s.
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Cousens (Mrs.), *Spring Buds, Summer Flowers, &c.*, 16mo. 3s. 6d.
Curtis (J. C.), *School and College History of England*, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Darwin (C.), *On the Origin of Species*, post 8vo. 14s.
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Dickens (C.), *Tale of Two Cities*, 8vo. 3s.
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Donaldson (Th.), *Archæologia Numismatica*, royal 8vo. 63s.
Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. 19, 4to. 21s.
Fichte (J.), *Contributions to Mental Philosophy*, 12mo. 5s.
Fun and Frolic, or, *Parlour Amusement for the Young*, 16mo. 1s.
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Gardner's Year Book, Almanack, and Directory, by Hogg, 12mo. 1s.
Giles's Key to the Classics: *Cæsar's Commentaries*, 1 to 4, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Giles's Key to the Classics: *Xenophon's Anabasis*, 1 and 2, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Gillies (M.), *Voyage of the Constance. A Tale of the Polar Seas*, 12mo. 3s.
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Gunn (C. H.), *Essays on a "Selection of English Synonyms"*, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Heitson (J.), *Castles of Edinburgh*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Henderson (T. S.), *Memoir of*, post 8vo. 8s.
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Lennard (D. B.), *Tales from Molière's Plays*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
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Tales from Blackwood, Vol. 1, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Taylor (J.), *At Home and Abroad, Sketch Book of Life Scenery and Men*, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.
Tennant (Sir E.), *Ceylon: an Account of the Island, &c.*, 2nd ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.
That it is; or, *Plain Teaching*, by author of "The Reason Why," post 8vo. 5s. 6d.
Wear's Series: Aberdeen (Earl of), *Inquiry into Grecian Architecture*, 12mo. 1s.
Winslow (O.), *Precious Things of God*, new ed. 12mo. 5s.
Wright (T.), *Political Poems and Songs Relating to English History*, Vol. 1, royal 8vo. 8s. 6d.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE old age of many jokes is proverbial; they are dressed up from age to age, from language to language, until possibly a good thing said to-day in *Punch* or a penny illustrated journal, reported to have emanated from Jones, at the expense of Smith, may have really and originally been said by perhaps the cynically epigrammatic Diogenes himself. We have found a good example of this literary filching during the week, on the part of a well-known contemporary, wherein we read that during the late Indian rebellion a young soldier complained to "Sir Colin Campbell" that his (the complainant's) sword was "too short." Our contemporary adds that Sir Colin immediately returned this answer: "Make it longer by going a step nearer the enemy." Very brilliant; but here is a clipping from an old book, entitled "Flowers of Wit," and *apropos* to Spartan Women:—"576. Another (Spartan woman) to her son, complaining that his sword was too short, said 'Add a step to it.'" "Flowers of Wit," No. 576, smacks very strongly of Lord Clyde's *mot*, and truth compels us to say that in both cases the bravery of the recommendation is far greater than the wit displayed; and as two good handkerchiefs in the pocket of a very bad coat would be greater moral evidence of felony than the presence of one—we offer the following extract, also from the same paper. The Brahmin and the telescope may be an early recollection of most among us:—

"THE BRAHMIN AND THE ANIMALCULE.—Major Dodd, who has just returned to England after a residence of forty-seven years in India, relates that a Brahmin with whom he was intimate at Benares was so cautious of causing the death of any living animal, that before him, as he walked, the place was swept that he might not destroy any insect; the air was fanned as he ate for the same purpose. Some mischievous European, however, gave him a microscope to take a peep at the water he drank. On seeing the animalcule he threw down and broke the instrument, and vowed he would not drink water again; he kept his promise, and died."

Our contemporary ought to have said animalcule, the singular being animalculum. India would seem to be the land of anecdotic *canards*. It is but a few months since we stated, upon singularly good evidence, that most of the Havelock anecdotes were about as real as the coming of the great tribulation.

The National Association for the Promotion of Social Science have given their permission and sanction to the publication of many of the papers, either read at the meeting of the Association at Bradford, or contributed for consideration. Amongst other papers is one by Mrs. M. A. Baines, "On the Practice of Hiring Wet-nurses (especially those from the 'fallen') considered as it affects public health and public morals." The authoress says, "The moral and social evils resulting from the hire of wet-nurses may be thus enumerated:—

"1st. The sanction and encouragement given to immorality by preferring unmarried mothers for the duties of that delicate office.

"2nd. The risk of contaminating other members of the household, by associating them under the same roof with persons of that description.

"3rd. The bad moral tone that may be disseminated very widely, by countenancing vice in any form; but especially by its injury to society in allowing the fallen to be lifted to the highest position in the household, and to

have bestowed upon them such privileges and such favour as should only be enjoyed by the virtuous and the pure, but rarely to be obtained by them."

Mrs. Baines urges that "It may be fairly assumed that the children of wet-nurses form a very large proportion of those who die prematurely, and such a result must continue to take place as long as Nature's laws on this point are ignored, and the duties incumbent on woman in her maternal relations are so grievously disregarded." To remedy this asserted error, the authoress proposes the "propriety—it might be said the necessity—of instituting some restrictive means by which women should be prevented lending themselves for hire in this objectionable manner, and some compulsory measures might be adopted with regard to capable mothers suckling their own infants."

The hold which an incumbent can obtain over his parishioners was never better demonstrated than at the present moment with respect to the Rev. Thomas Dale, whose intimated resignation of his ministry at St. Pancras has created much kindly agitation in that parish. A number of clergymen had already waited on Mr. Dale to induce him to relinquish his determination to resign, when on Thursday last a lay deputation visited the reverend gentleman with an address bearing six hundred names, the burden of which was in accordance with the wish previously expressed by the reverend gentleman's clerical brethren. In answer, Mr. Dale said:

"All that he could do, however, in accordance with a request so kindly urged by them he would do. It was his purpose, as he had publicly announced, to have officiated amongst them for the last time on Jan. 1, 1890. He looked forward to an interval of rest, that he might be better prepared for any less arduous and less extensive sphere of duty which the providence of God might open to him. But it was the opinion of the bishop, of his expected successor, and, he believed, of the great majority of the district incumbents, that the ecclesiastical administration of St. Pancras should be assimilated as nearly as possible to that of other parishes in the diocese, and that if an application were made to Parliament for this purpose his (Mr. Dale's) continuance for a time in the incumbency might materially promote its success. He had accordingly consented to postpone his legal avoidance until the prospects of the approaching session of Parliament could be in some measure ascertained; and so long as he was detained at his post, for a secular though still most important object, he would not, so far as health and strength might be spared to him, discontinue, as he had proposed, his spiritual ministrations. And thus he should be spared the present pain of fixing any particular day for the termination of his ministrations among them."

Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson will sell, on Tuesday next, the remaining library of the late Wm. Stevenson Fitch, Esq., of Ipswich, comprising some valuable antiquarian books, and works relating to Suffolk, together with his manuscript topographical collections illustrative of that county; also, some miscellaneous manuscripts, including "Augustini contra Julianum Pelagianum Hereticum Libri VI," an important manuscript of the twelfth century, on vellum, written by an English scribe; together with many local deeds and charters, Suffolk collections, and other interesting county illustrations.

We have received a letter from the honorary secretaries of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, disclaiming all knowledge and authority in the matter of the remarks which appeared on the 12th inst. respecting Miss Martineau's papers. We never intended to implicate these ladies in those observations, which were submitted by our correspondent to a fair tribunal—that of public opinion; and to that tribunal they must be left. The honorary secretaries have given no proof of the "incorrectness" of the statements made in our correspondent's letter, and they surely have no right to make such an accusation, for it is one which Miss Martineau alone can express with certainty.

Kapellmeister Reissiger, the best of whose compositions are best-known in England, died last week in Dresden.

Messrs. William Brown, Atkinson, & Co., of Hull, state, with regard to the importation of bones from Sebastopol, that every precaution is taken by the authorities, in case human bones are found in such cargoes, and that no case of desecration has occurred.

THE BARON BUNSEN.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—The third volume of the English translation of the Baron Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History" accidentally came under my notice a short time ago. The following remark occurs in the preface: "Unfortunately, too, we are obliged to say of Mr. William Osburn's work on Egypt ('The Monumental History of Egypt'), which appeared two or three years ago (1854) that, from a critical point of view, it has no value whatever." (Page 31.) To complete the desolation of myself and one or two other unfortunate, whose works he likewise condemns in terms somewhat less sweeping, he tells us elsewhere that he by no means speaks without proof, for "he has read all that we have written." In regard of my own work, I have pleasure in explaining to you that the last statement of the valiant and learned Baron is literally true. He has read it, and I presume with attention, for he has likewise done considerably more than read it. He has taken from it (unacknowledged, of course) a number of facts capital to the history of Egypt, and which happen to occur nowhere else than in my book. My list of them, made out from a single and by no means attentive perusal of the Baron's volume, contains fifteen. Probably enough there are more. In short, it seemed to me that but for my work, which "has no value whatever," the Baron's version of this portion of the history of Egypt would have been much in the condition in which Champollion left it thirty years ago. I have the list by me. I am, of course, perfectly willing to produce it if called for. Otherwise, the long details required on such a subject are by no means likely to interest your readers. I, therefore, content myself at present with repeating my statement: *The Baron Bunsen, in the third volume (English version) of his "Egypt's Place," copies, unacknowledged, at least fifteen important facts from a work of mine which, in his preface, he pronounces to "have no value whatever."*

Now, lest your readers should imagine that my book is disparaged in the preface, for the purpose of diverting attention from the extent of the Baron's obligations to it (a procedure of which I believe Christian Bunsen to be utterly incapable), I have to explain that the volume betrays everywhere the presence of considerable excitement in the mind of the author. I can readily imagine that he may have put down his convictions regarding the history of Egypt without even bestowing a thought upon the source whence he had derived them, in "so moved a sort" is the whole work written. The *causa irarum* are not far to seek:—He is highly indignant that the startling novelties in Egyptian and especially in Bible chronology, displayed in his former volumes, have not been received in England with the amount of implicit faith to which he conceives them to be entitled. I, myself, am conspicuously guilty in this matter, and, therefore, it is at my head that successive vials of wrath are especially levelled. Now, if I give you a brief summary of these new opinions, and of the reasons whereby he supports them, it will be far more likely to interest your readers than a list of his plagiarisms from my book. The summary I give in his own words:

The immigration of the Asiatic stock from Chaldea is antediluvian.

"The historical deluge, which took place in a considerable portion of Central Asia [and there alone] cannot have occurred at a more recent period than the tenth millennium, B.C."

"Man existed upon the earth about 20,000 years before Christ."—*Preface*, p. xxvii.

Two questions will here naturally occur to your readers:

1. How does the Baron prove these somewhat exciting propositions?

2. How does he reconcile them with the Scripture history? for he professes to believe and reverence the Bible, as, after this, some of your readers may possibly hear with surprise.

I will endeavour to answer both from the volume before us:

1. His grand proof that man has existed on this earth for 20,000 years is the result of Mr. Leonard Horner's excavations in Egypt (*Preface*, xxiii.—xxvi.), which were made at the base of the statue of Rameses II., at Mehabenny, on the site of ancient Memphis. He found an accumulation of 9 feet 4 inches of Nile mud upon it, and assuming "the middle of the reign of this Pharaoh to be about 1360 B.C., and adding to this 1854 (the date of Mr. H.'s excavation), we have 3215 years for the accumulation of 9 feet 4 inches of sediment, and the mean rate of increase will be 34 inches per century or thereabouts." From thence Mr. Horner proceeded downwards with a borer, and "at a depth of 39 feet from the surface of the ground, the borer brought up a fragment of pottery now in my possession." He triumphantly adds, "this bit of pot must be held to be a record of the existence of man upon earth 13,371 years before 1854, if there be no fallacy in my reckoning." Unfortunately for Mr. Horner there is a fallacy in his reckoning, and a very obvious one, and let me add, moreover, one which no man living would have had a sharper eye to detect than the Baron Bunsen, had the result been against his theory instead of in its favour.

The statue at Mehabenny was originally one of four caryatides supporting the entrance front to the temple of Ptah, which, like all other Egyptian temples, was built on a mound sufficiently elevated to prevent its ever being overflown by the annual rise of the Nile. This mound must have subsided in the earthquake which overthrew the statue. When this took place we have no certain record: earthquakes are by no means uncommon in Egypt. We know, however, for certain that this statue was upright and uninjured only six centuries ago, for it is expressly and unmistakably mentioned by the Arab historian Abulatif, who visited its ruins at that time, and has left us an

account of them. Mr. Horner's 9 feet 4 inches of sediment has therefore unquestionably accumulated in less than six centuries instead of more than thirty.

This egregious blunder is the *pié* upon which Mr. Horner makes his subsequent calculations, and these, I repeat it, constitute the main prop and pillar of the Baron Bunsen's assertion that man has been upon the earth for 20,000 years!

In the first chapter of the sacred book of the Parsee fire worshippers, the *Zendavesta* as it used to be called, the first *Pargard* of the *Vendidad* as we are henceforward to name it, is a list of sixteen countries created in succession by the good God or principle, and each in succession polluted by the evil God or principle. Now, it being a fundamental doctrine of this religion that the good god (Oromasdes) and the evil god (Ahrimannus) are absolutely equal in power, the chapter seems to us an illustration of this doctrine and nothing more: Oromasdes made all things, and Ahrimannus marred all things. This one view seems to be made into a certainty by the last verse, which reads: "There are also other regions and countries, high, prosperous, and brilliant, which I Ahura Mazda (Oromasdes) have created, and which Angro Mainyus (Ahrimannus) has polluted." So self-evident does all this appear, that it is scarcely worth while to add in confirmation that the Bible also begins with the same subject treated in exactly the same manner, raising in common vulgar minds the awkward suspicion that the author of the *Vendidad* was not unacquainted with the beginning of the five books of Moses at any rate.

What blindness, what ignorance, what a "pernicious spirit of ecclesiastical mistrust" possesses us! The gifted Baron discerns in the same passage the names of sixteen empires, which in succession rose, declined, and fell, in Central Asia during the prehistoric ages. He produces it, therefore, as his second grand proof that man has existed upon the earth for 20,000 years.

The founders of these empires are the Aryans, so the Baron teaches. It is true that in the entire passage the Aryans are mentioned once only, if at all, which is doubtful. Hush! the Baron vaticinates the interpretation, *see dubitatio fas esset!*

Now, Mr. Editor, will you permit me to assume that among your many readers there may be one individual so unversed in modern research as to ask the question, who are the Aryans? Alas! for such ignorance in the middle of the nineteenth century. If such an one there be, know, unhappy man, that the Aryans are an inductive necessity raised upon the transcendental speculations in grammar of certain German professors, gifted with vivid imaginations and cacophonous names! Know further that the Aryans are the forefathers of all that is or ever was great in man upon the earth. Nay, the Baron himself talks patronisingly of "our Aryan ancestors," p. 466, leaving it to be inferred that had there been no Aryans there had been no Bunsen.

Our remaining inquiry, How does the Baron reconcile all this to the Bible history? need not long detain us.

The Bible pedigree of Nahor from Shem (*Genesis*, x. 21, 22, xi. 10-25) records the seven descents of sixteen names, all directly connected with Shem by paternity, each name being given as that of a man who is born, marries, has a family, lives for a certain period, and then dies. According to the Baron nine of these names are geographical; they are those of countries in which the tribe called Shem sojourned. Three are common nouns indicating events that befel the same tribe. The remaining four only are the names of men! As to the marks of distinction among them the text gives none; neither does the Baron. Still more remarkable, he does not even condescend to explain how this reading bears upon the point at issue. It is on his own authority only that he pours forth this astounding revelation; then, forthwith, he foams up into a towering rage at the idea that here, in England, the faith in it of some of us may be rather weak.

It occurs to me here that some seventy years ago another great German Baron also appeared as an English author, and made a considerable impression. He also was in the habit of startling, perhaps electrifying, his readers by new and striking statements, and was just as sensitive of the remotest hints at a doubt as to the truth of them. For example, he says on one occasion:—"If any reader entertain a doubt, I shall only say I pity his want of faith, and must request that he will here close the book without reading the rest, which is as strictly true as that I have already related." (Page 28.)

Elsewhere, he is still more emphatic on the same theme: "If any gentleman will say he doubts the truth of this, I will fine him a gallon of brandy and make him drink it at once draught." (Page 44.) Yet may it well be doubted that ever the Baron Munchausen (from whose deathless pages I have been quoting) drew more heavily upon English credulity than the Baron Bunsen.

Royal Society of Literature, W. M. OSBURN.
Nov. 11, 1899.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sir,—In Dr. Donaldson's "Continuation of Miller's History of the Literature of Ancient Greece," Vol. II. p. 491, I find the following. The learned writer is speaking of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, and he says: "There is a tradition, attributed falsely to Aristæus, and generally rejected as fabulous, that when Demetrius Phalerensis persuaded Ptolemy to get the Jewish books translated into Greek, Aristæus suggested an expedient by means of which the high priest of Jerusalem was induced to send the King seventy-two picked translators, six from each tribe (ten of the tribes having vanished long before this time); and that in seventy-two days the work was accomplished with miraculous fidelity, each of the translators having been shut up in a separate cell, and each having executed the whole version in the same words and letters! There is only one circumstance more wonderful than this story, namely, that any man of sense or

learning should have given it a moment's attention." Now, there are here no less than three distinct points which I must venture to differ from the author:

1. The ten tribes had not altogether "vanished long before this time."

2. The story of shutting up the translators, each in a separate cell, is not to be found in Aristæus.

3. The "whole version" (by which I presume, from the context, is meant the version of the whole of the Old Testament), was not made at this time; nor does Aristæus say it was.

With regard to the first point, I believe it has always been the opinion of most learned men, that (to use the words of Bezausore) "although ten out of the twelve tribes never returned from the Babylonish captivity, yet there were a great number of individuals of those ten tribes who joined the two that remained." At any rate, in I Chron. ix. 3, we have a proof that many out of the tribes of Ephraim and Manasse lived in Jerusalem, besides those of Judah and Benjamin, and, therefore, probably went into captivity and returned with them. In addition to this, I would mention that Josephus gives the letter of the high priest Eleazar to Ptolemy, in which he says that he sends "six elders out of every tribe" (seventy-two in all), without any comment with regard to its improbability; and I would presume also to draw the attention of Dr. Donaldson to Acts xxvi. 7, in which place St. Paul certainly speaks of the "twelve tribes," as if they had not altogether "vanished" from the face of the earth.

2. The story of shutting up the translators, each in a separate cell, is not to be found in Aristæus. The following is his account, as I have literally translated it from the edition published at Oxford, 1692:

"When they had everything of which they had occasion, he (Demetrius Phalerensis, the King's librarian) recommended the men to betake themselves to the work of translation. So they set about it, making the parts agree by comparison with one another; and the work did agree so excellently, that it answered the description given of it by Demetrius. They held their council (*lit.* their sitting together) till the ninth hour; then they desisted, in order to attend to their bodily wants, all that they desired being luxuriously furnished to them. . . . Early in the morning every day they went to the palace and saluted the King, and then returned to their abode. . . . As we have said before, they met every day in their place, which was very pleasant, being well open to the light, and quiet, and proceeded to the performance of their task. And it so happened that the work of translation was finished in seventy-two days; just as though it had been done on purpose."

Aristobolus, a Jew, a native of Alexandria, where the translation was made, flourished about one hundred years after Aristæus: he mentions nothing of the extraordinary circumstances which call for Dr. Donaldson's expression of disbelief in the whole matter. (He is cited by Eusebius, *Prep. Evang.* l. xiii., c. 12.)

Josephus (*Ant.* xii. 2) did not believe that the account was "falsely attributed to Aristæus," and did not "reject it as fabulous," but made considerable use of it, and tells the story in almost the same words.

Nor does Philo-Judæus ("Life of Moses," ii. 7) make any mention of the miraculous agreement of the seventy-two different translations, nor allude to any solitary confinement of the translators, but writes thus: "Therefore being settled in a secret place, and nothing ever being present with them except the elements of nature,—the earth, the water, the air, and the heaven,—concerning the creation of which they were going in the first place to explain the sacred account; for the account of the creation of the world is the beginning of the law; they, like men inspired, prophesied,—not one saying one thing, and another another,—but every one of them employed the self-same nouns and verbs, as if some unseen prompter had suggested all their language to them." (It is possible that this curious account may have given rise to the fables afterwards related.)

Josephus and Philo were contemporaries; the former died about A.D. 97,—the date of the death of the latter is unknown. Next in order to these comes Justin Martyr, who is the first to give the fabulous account for which Aristæus is blamed: he suffered martyrdom A.D. 166. His version is the same as that which Dr. Donaldson has followed, and he adds: "These things, ye Greeks, we relate to you, not as a fable or fictitious history, but as men who have been at Alexandria, and seen the ruins of the cells still remaining at Pharos. We deliver to you what we heard from the natives, who successively received the accounts of their country from their ancestors." (From the "*Cohortatio ad Græcos*," ed. Paris, p. 13.) Justin Martyr in all probability never saw a copy of Aristæus, and may well have been imposed upon by the inhabitants of the country, and induced to believe this narration, which they said they had received from their forefathers,—especially since it was at that time, as we know, an object with many to gain belief in the divine authority of that translation of the Scriptures which was to be the means of communicating the knowledge of them to the world.

Irenæus, A.D. 178, and Clemens Alexandrinus, A.D. 194, both allude to the miraculous agreement between the translations: whereas, on the other hand, Tertullian, A.D. 200, says nothing of it; and Eusebius, A.D. 320, who cites Aristæus, also ignores it. Epiphanius, A.D. 363, gives another version, and relates that, instead of seventy-two cells, there were only thirty-six, for that the translators lived and worked together in pairs. And lastly, Jerome, A.D. 392, writes thus (in "*Prolog. Pentateuch.*"): "I know not who was the author, who in his falsehood built those seventy cells at Alexandria, in which the translators were disposed separately, and wrote all the same words: at any rate, Aristæus, and some time after him Josephus, related nothing of the kind."

3. The whole of the Old Testament was not translated at this time; at least Aristæus does not say so.

Aristæus, as far as I remember, all the way through his book, never makes use of any other phrase than "the law," or "the divine law," or words equivalent.

Aristobolus says it was "the law" that was then translated; by which is commonly signified the Pentateuch only.

Josephus, in the passage to which I have referred above, and again in the Preface to the *Antiquities*, speaks of "the law of Moses" only, as having been rendered into Greek.

Philo-Judæus says that "the laws" were translated on that occasion; and the Talmudists, I believe, say the same.

Justin Martyr, as he was the first to relate the curious fable of which we have already spoken, so also was the first to assert that the whole of the Old Testament Scriptures—"Moses and the other prophets"—were translated into Greek at this time.

Into the question of the age of the Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, it is not now necessary to enter. It has nothing to do with the matter in hand. My only wish has been, in this hastily written letter, to try as well as I could to vindicate Aristæus from the doubts which, as it seems to me, have been unjustly cast upon him by Dr. Donaldson.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. C. H.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, November 23rd.

SOME people may, in our age, have heard now and then of the unusual pretensions of the ladies and gentlemen of the ante-chamber and servants' hall, but I am disposed to look upon the following as by much the strongest case that has yet come under my observation. A very short time back, the famous actress, Madame Doche, the one original, inimitable *Dame aux Camellias*, was in want of a lady's maid. Amongst others who applied for the "situation," one suited the lady; terms were agreed upon, and all seemed about to be satisfactorily concluded, when the Abigail said: "I forgot to ask what my room is like—is it a comfortable one?" "Very comfortable," was the reply. "With a fire-place?" was then rejoined. "Yes," was the answer; "but for many causes I allow no fire to be lighted, as you sit in a well-warmed room down stairs." The lady's maid drew up grandly, saying: "Then our agreement is at an end; it is not on account of 'work' that I need a fire, but because I receive my friends every Saturday evening!"

Propos to theatrical celebrities, I told you in one of my last letters of the great lottery to be organised at the Opéra on the 10th, for the Indigent Artists' Fund. There is a curious incident connected with this: present and past directors of the Académie Royale are giving splendid "lots," and M. Royer, the present manager, went to ask M. Veron, the famous manager of five and twenty years since, if he would not also contribute to the charity? M. Veron, whose liberality is well known, gave at once a splendid tea-service in silver gilt. As M. Royer, after expressing his gratitude, was preparing to retire, M. Veron's female factotum, known throughout a certain "world" by her name of "Sophie," followed him, and when out of her master's hearing, said she also wished to give a prize. "And what on earth will you give, Sophie?" ejaculated M. Royer. "This," was proudly replied, and the old lady held out a sheet of paper, on which was written: "I invite the person who shall win this autograph to come and dine with Dr. Veron on the 12th of December, at seven o'clock precisely. I will dress the dinner, at which shall be served up the quails à la Veron, the salmon à la Marquis, and the cutlets à la Belia." Sophie's eyes sparkled as she tendered her contribution to M. Royer: "And," said she, "I am disposed to believe that the winner of that will not regard himself as carrying off the least of the prizes!"

You must know that in the present day M. Veron is proverbial for his table, and whosoever dines with him, when Sophie deigns really to cook and not merely overlook the repast, is supposed to be in the position of Lucullus, when he "dines with Lucullus."

The cutlets à la Belia are a recent invention of the illustrious Sophie, and the quails à la Veron are quails dressed up with a *purée* of truffles and pineapples, mixed and pounded together,

which are held by the initiated to surpass altogether most of the modern inventions of the culinary art. I have very little doubt that when Madame Sophie's prize comes to be heard of, and well known, it will attract as many subscribers to the lottery of the Artists' Fund, as many far more magnificent ones.

One immense "event" of the present moment has been the trial of Léonie Chéreau, for the kidnapping of M. Hua's child. As is always the case in affairs of this sort, there are men whose heads are perfectly turned by the girl who was accused! Any notoriety in France secures admirers; but, strange to say, nothing more certainly than an accusation of any species. But place a woman of any description (under fifty) in the prisoners' box at the Cour d'Assises, and accuse her of some crime, and you may be perfectly sure that she will count almost as many adorners as Helen. The malady usually makes its first victims on the bench, and the judges furnish forth so many *Podestas* of the *Gazza Ladra*, with this difference, that none of them propose to save *Ninetta*, but content themselves with falling in love with her, and telling her so.

In this affair of Mlle. Chéreau there was every attraction that acts most upon the depraved imagination of Frenchmen. The girl was under seventeen, had already cast to the winds all propriety of conduct, under the influence of a violent passion, and was notorious! All the masculine heads were turned, and Léonie was the heroine of the hour.

But to the mind of anyone who likes to study this country, there was another person far more interesting than the girl herself, and that was the girl's lover. Léonie Chéreau is, after all, even in the least moral of all countries, an exception; and she is so utterly one, that she might exist anywhere, in the midst of the most moral of communities. But her lover, George Prieur, is, on the contrary, the type of a whole class in France. He is to be found throughout French civilisation, and is not confined to his own trade of a "shop assistant." He is one of the particular and most perpetually recurring forms of the Frenchman. You find him in the army habitually (above all in regiments of the line); he is a fixture in the "schools," and amongst students of all ages and degrees; he is to be lighted on throughout provincial society, and amongst the sons of legitimist ladies, who dream of the possibility of making *men*—real, living, genuine *men*—out of wretched boys, brought up without any independence or any sense of responsibility. George Prieur is everywhere throughout French civilisation, and he represents what is almost always radically wrong and *ungentlemanlike* in the sons of Gaul, namely, their position with regard to the fair sex.

This is one of the points on which the very best and most honourable Frenchman in the world has another code of honour than we have. This is the point upon which a Frenchman fails in everything approaching to chivalry. George Prieur, it may be said, is a "snob," and behaves as young men of his social standing may behave to girls of Léonie Chéreau's sort; but *all* Frenchmen, whatever their "social standing," behave more or less in the same way whenever a woman is in question; it is the one point upon which they are perfectly irreclaimable; and at this moment it is curious to see how marvellously little real indignation there is among the men of all ranks who judge the conduct of that most outrageous young rascal, George Prieur. The presiding judge went the length of telling him he was "infamous," but men in "the world" do not show themselves at all enthusiastic against him. I believe, if they dared, they would try to excuse him. At all events he need not complain of being "*incompris*." He is thoroughly understood from one end of France to the other, by men in every class, who, under other "forms of procedure," have behaved just as he did. I am convinced his threatening to send a *huissier* to his mistress, to extort back from her the sum of thirteen francs he had lent her, is ranked as a "capital joke," and a "clever trick," at the bottom of most masculine hearts here.

The success of *Orphée* at the Théâtre Lyrique has been far beyond what I anticipated. Really the efforts made by this establishment are most laudable, and the musical public owes far more to it than to any of its richer comrades.

The chief curiosity of course was Mme. Viardot, who surpassed what had been expected. Most people had thought that the plainness of her personal appearance would stand in the way of the effect to be produced; but far from that, she gains incalculably by being seen in male attire. The bust and arms we already knew to be remarkably handsome; the leg and foot are also extremely good, and altogether I have seen few actresses bear the classical dress (or undress) better than this very talented lady.

As to her voice, that is not any better than it was, and has no more "metallic ring" or freshness than it ever possessed. It is a voice of most inferior quality admirably trained and subjugated. Mme. Viardot's reading of the part was, naturally, very interesting to amateurs of the dramatic art, because she follows out all the traditions of the original getting up of *Orphée* at the Académie Royale. Garat was the last *Orphée*, and his manner of singing the rôle is said to be closely imitated by Mme. Viardot. In France, the way in which an actor of the Français, or a singer of the Grand Opéra, represented such a passage of his part, is handed down and preserved from generation to generation with the utmost care; and there are even now amongst the *habitués* of these theatres, persons (old men) who can detail to you how Molé gave such a tirade in the *Misanthrope* of Molière, or how Jélyotte "phrased" such a passage of Tull's. This class of amateurs, which is of course dying out every day, is enraptured with Pauline Viardot because she holds to "tradition." In some respects I do not think the part finds its advantage in this, but in others "*la tradition*" is evidently right. In the famous air, *J'ai perdu mon Eurydice*, Mme. Viardot was really excellent in a dramatic point of view; and the *crescendo* invented by Garat was beautifully executed by her. The same phrase with the same words is repeated three times running, and is exclusively expressive of the grief of *Orpheus* at losing *Eurydice*. The first time the phrase is sung mournfully, and *a mezza voce*; the second time it is sung sobbingly; and the third time with a perfect explosion of misery, a fury of despair. This, which is known as the "famous *crescendo* of Garat," was admirably given by Mme. Viardot. Still upon the whole I rather doubt Gluck's music achieving the long-winded success that has been achieved by Weber's *Oberon*, for instance, or the *Nozze di Figaro*, which in the way of classical revivals has been the most brilliantly successful of any.

There is a report going about here that Meyerbeer has consented, for a personal friend, to give to the Porte St. Martin next winter, an overture, a drinking chorus, and a kind of *intermède*, occupying nearly one act of a drama, founded upon the events of the early life of Goethe. Naturally, the announcement produces a tremendous sensation, and all the more so that a certain mystery hangs over the whole. There is no doubt that a composition of this sort would singularly suit the illustrious master, who delights in associating his genius with that of the great departed of any country, but especially of his own. The spirit of Goethe illustrated, as it were commented upon, by the music of Meyerbeer, will be likely to offer a combined delight to those who really care for intellectual pleasures, that they have not often enjoyed.

SOUTH AFRICAN WINE.—The manufacture of this wine continues, and is improving. There can be no doubt that its flavour leaves something still to be desired; but it possesses the good quality of being wholesome. It is far superior to doctored and improvised sherries. Possibly, when the science of European wine-making is fully applied to the South African vintages, it will result that this wine will vie with those of Europe, and be seen on the same tables. Dr. Letheby's favourable report on it has doubtless raised its reputation.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- MON. *Institute of Actuaries*, 7 P.M. "On the Rationale of certain Actuarial Estimates," by Mr. Jellicoe.
— *Royal Geographical Society*, 8 P.M. Papers to be read: 1. "Sun Signals for the use of Travellers," by F. Galton, Esq., F.R.G.S. 2. "Latest Accounts of the Central Africa Expedition," from Dr. Livingstone, with illustrations. 3. "Notes on Capt. Montgomerie's Map of Kashmir," by W. H. Purdon, Esq., Executive Engineer, Punjab.
TUES. *Institution of Civil Engineers*, 8 P.M. "On Arterial Drainage and Outfalls," by Mr. E. B. Grantham, M. Inst. C.E.
— *Royal Society of Literature*. "Lecture on Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam," by the Rev. Professor Christmas, M.A., F.R.S.
WED. *Society of Arts*, 8 P.M. "On the Prevention of Accidents in Coal-Mines," by Mr. P. H. Holland.
— *Geological Society*. Papers to be read: "On some Copper Relics found in the Gold-bearing Sand of Siberia," by T. W. Atkinson, Esq., F.G.S. 2. "On the Extinct Volcanoes of Auckland and New Zealand," by W. Hespely, Esq. 3. "On some Tertiary Beds in South Australia," by the Rev. J. E. Woods.
THURS. *Chemical Society*, 8 P.M. "On the Vapour Densities of Organic Bodies," by Dr. Hofmann.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 16, Professor J. Phillips, President, in the chair. Thomas Harlin, Esq., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, Civil Engineer; Julian Horn Tolmé, Esq., C.E., and Associate of King's College, London, 20 Queen Square, Bloomsbury; John Lancaster, Esq., Etruria Hill, Stoke-upon-Trent; The Hon. Robert Mersham, The Mote, Maidstone, Kent; and Arnold Rogers, Esq., F.R.C.S.E., President of the Odontological Society, 16, Hanover Square, were elected Fellows. The following communication was read: "Supplementary Researches among the Crystalline Rocks of the North-west Highlands." By Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.R.S., F.G.S., &c. The former suggestion of Prof. Nicol, that the fossiliferous rock of Durness and Assynt might prove to be of carboniferous age, having been set aside by the proofs that these quartz-rocks and limestones contained true Lower Silurian fossils; and the order of succession from a fundamental gneiss upwards through unconformable sandstones and conglomerates (Cambrian) to the Lower Silurian limestone inclusive, being admitted; it was still objected that such limestones were not surmounted by any great mass of quartz rock, and that they terminated the ascending series. Professor Nicol also believed that there did not exist an ascending order from the rocks now proved to be Lower Silurian into a series of micaceous, quartzose, and chloritic flagstones, which have to the present day been represented by the same colour as the Old Gneiss in all the published geological maps of Scotland. Lastly, that author having fairly and openly announced to Sir R. I. Murchison that at the Meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen he intended to point out the existence of much igneous rock, causing a great separation between the fossiliferous Lower Silurian and what he termed the "Upper or Eastern Gneiss," it became necessary that the Director-General of the Geological Survey should revise his own conclusions, which had affirmed the existence of an unbroken ascending succession. With this view, he induced Professor Ramsay to accompany him to the north-west of Sutherland, where they spent a month. There they not only saw no reason to depart from any of the views already published by Sir R. I. Murchison, but were enabled to strengthen them by laying down on a map a more correct outline of the formations than had hitherto been traced, by marking the principal faults, and by indicating clearly the transition upwards from the known Lower Silurian rocks into a superior micaceous-quartzose series (or the so-called "Younger Gneiss"), which is entirely dissevered from the Old or Fundamental Gneiss. They further ascertained that, whenever eruptive rocks occurred, they did not interfere with or derange this ascending conformable Lower Silurian succession. In the district of Assynt there are clear evidences demonstrating that the limestones are surmounted by quite as thick a mass (Ben More in Assynt, &c.) of quartz-rock as that which lies beneath them;

both the Lower and Upper Quartz being characterized by numerous annelide-tubes. The igneous rocks that are there intercalated with the limestone, or appear in the overlying quartz-rock, produce no derangement of the order. Attention was peculiarly directed to the details of the section across Loch Eriboll, where a large Orthoceratite had been discovered by Mr. Clark, in a strong band of quartz-rock between the Lower and Upper Limestone, and where, in the escarpment above the house of that gentleman, the clearest proofs are seen of an unbroken and conformable succession from the quartz-calcareous members of the series up into the quartzo-micaceous and chloritic rocks ("Upper Gneiss") which range across Loch Hope and rise to the summit of Ben Hope, 3040 feet above the sea. It was announced that the small map, the publication of which had been deferred last Session, would soon be completed, and that on it would be represented the most sweeping change in the Geological Map of Scotland which had ever been proposed; inasmuch as a vast region, which has up to this day been considered to be of a primary age, and anterior to paleozoic life, will be referred to the Lower Silurian epoch. Passing from the North Highlands, which he had more especially examined of late years, the author expressed his opinion that the mica-slates, clay-slates, and quartz-rock of the Southern Highlands would probably all fall into the same Lower Silurian category as the rocks of Sutherland and Ross. In conclusion, he begged to repeat what he had stated five years ago at the Glasgow Meeting of the British Association, that, with the exception of examples in the slate-rocks of Loch Lomond, Easdale, Ballyhulish, &c., on the west coast, and very partial cases in the clay-slate of Aberdeen-shire, he had never seen any examples of mechanical cleavage in the crystalline rocks of the Highlands, as had been maintained by a distinguished deceased Fellow of the Society. (See Mr. D. Sharpe's *Memoir in the Phil. Trans.* vol. cxlii. p. 445.)

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 15, Colonel Sykes, Vice-President, M.P., in the Chair. Thomas Ellison, Francis Hincks, Bussett Smith, P. M. Tait, and W. G. Wilks, Esqrs., were elected Fellows of the Society. The Chairman announced that the Council had appointed a committee to take into consideration the best mode of taking the forthcoming census, which committee would be glad to receive any suggestions which the Fellows of the Society might wish to make. The Chairman also gave an account of the proceedings of Section F. of the British Association at its meeting at Aberdeen in September last; and Mr. James Heywood furnished a similar report of the proceedings of the National Science Association at its recent meeting at Bradford. Sir Francis H. Goldsmid, Bart., Q.C., then read a paper "On some recent statistics of Prussia." Sir Francis commenced by stating that the paper which he was about to read, was deduced from the very valuable series of returns published by the Prussian Statistical Department, for the year 1849. But as these returns were comprised in several quarto volumes, of many hundred pages each, he (the author) had found it necessary to confine his attention to only a portion of their contents. He had therefore selected for analysis, the second volume of the Returns, which contained the statistics of births, marriages, and deaths. One of the most remarkable facts in connection with the births, both in Prussia and in Continental Europe generally, was the very large proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births. It was stated by the editor of the Prussian returns, that while in London the children born out of wedlock are only one in twenty, in Paris and Vienna every third child is illegitimate, and in Munich years have even occurred, when the number of illegitimate births have outnumbered the legitimate. In Prussia itself, however, the relative proportions of these two classes of births, is not so largely to the disadvantage of the latter, and it is worthy of remark that, no material alteration has taken place in this respect since the

year 1816. In that year the illegitimate births were to the legitimate as 8·05, in 1849 as 7·96 to 100. In Westphalia, however, in the province of Posen, and in the Rhenish Provinces, the proportion of illegitimate births is only about half as great as in other parts of the kingdom. With regard to the proportion of births to the population in Prussia, Sir Francis stated, that from 1810 to 1825 the proportion was about 1 to 23; from 1828 to 1846, about 1 to 25 or 26; but that in 1849 it again rose to 1 to 23. In the towns the proportion is 1 to 25·68, in the country as 1 to 22·88. In Berlin, in the year 1849, the proportion was 1 to 30·81. As regards the different religious communities, the proportion among Protestants and Catholics is about the same, but among the Jews and Mennonites it is smaller. This is accounted for, as respects the Jews, by the fact that Jewish disabilities are not yet removed in Prussia. The proportion of male and female births is much the same in Prussia as in other countries. Since 1816, the excess of male over female births has been pretty nearly uniform at 6 per cent. for the whole kingdom, but it is a noticeable fact that among illegitimate births the relative proportions are smaller than among legitimate. Among the former there are only 103·7 boys to 100 girls, while among the latter the proportion is 105·79 to 100. The death-rate, as compared with the births, was, in 1849, 498·862, as against 691·562, and, while the excess of male births was 19·428, the excess of male deaths was 13·826. It was found that boys and young men died more quickly than girls and young women. Between the ages of 25 and 30, the deaths were equal in both sexes. From 30 to 40, the excess was on the female side; after that, to 60, it was on the male side again; so that among very old persons it was found that more females died than males. The rate of mortality in Prussia, as compared with the population, varied between 1816 and 1849 from 1 in 28 to 1 in 37, the highest mortality having been in 1831, the cholera year. The editor of the returns, in reference to the causes of this excessive mortality, advocated a theory which had also been favoured by Von Humboldt, that difference of race had some influence on the rate of mortality. But Sir Francis expressed his belief that drainage, ventilation, water supply, and other sanitary precautions, had more to do with health and longevity than anything else, although it was undoubtedly the fact that the rate of mortality is higher among the Slavonic than the purely German races. It was worthy of remark that the mortality among the Jews in Prussia was considerably less than among the rest of the population, a circumstance which Sir Francis attributed to the diet, temperance, and superior cleanliness of that community. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Acton, Mr. Newmarch, Mr. Elliott, Dr. Guy, and the Chairman took part, and the Meeting separated.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, November 22, Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair. Dr. Günther gave an account of the Reptiles, Batrachians, and Fishes, collected by the Rev. H. B. Tristram, in the Algerian Sahara. Among these were two species new to science, viz., a lizard belonging to the genus *Zootoca*, and proposed to be called *Zootoca deserti*, and a fish from the salt-lakes of the Sahara, which was considered to form a new genus and species of the family *Chromidae*, and was named after its discoverer *Haliogenes Tristramii*. Mr. Slater described some new birds from the Rio Napo, and read a note on some remarkable hybrid ducks, bred in the Society's gardens, between the sheldrake (*Fulidra vulpanser*) and the white-faced Casarca (*Casarca cana*). Mr. D. G. Elliot, of New York, exhibited three specimens of hybrid ducks, shot on Long Island, U.S.A. Mr. F. Moore communicated a list of Malayan birds, in continuation of former papers, on the same subject. Dr. Hamilton made remarks upon specimens of some young pheasants which he exhibited. These birds carried the plumage of the cock bird upon the breast, and of the hen bird upon the back. Neither testes nor ovaries could

be found on dissection. Mr. Bartlett gave a notice of a herring gull (*Larus argentatus*), which was bred in the Society's gardens two years ago, and which was in the habit of passing the winter in the Gardens, and absenting itself during the summer months, as it was supposed for the purpose of breeding. Dr. Gray described two new forms of sponges, under the names *Macandrewia* and *Myliusia*.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Wednesday, Nov. 23, W. H. Bodkin, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair. The paper read was, "On China, and its relations to British commerce," by Sir John Bowring, F.R.S.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE RED SEA.—The following is condensed from a paper read by Dr. Buist to the Bombay Geographical Society, and from remarks appended to it. The length of the Red Sea from the Straits to Suez is 1230 miles; the greater Strait is 13 miles wide, and the lesser 1½ mile. Its entire circuit measured round both gulfs is 4,020 miles; its area, 108,154 miles, and its cubical contents probably 800,000 miles. Its greatest breadth under parallel 17° North, is 192 miles, and it narrows towards both extremities. Two-thirds of the Red Sea had never been sounded when this paper was written, and the greatest depth tried was at Lat. 25° 20', when no bottom was found at four hundred fathoms, and there appears a chasm from five to ten miles wide down the centre of the sea, varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty fathoms. The Gulf of Aden, which continues the communication from the Straits to the Arabian Sea, is a funnel-shaped estuary, above nine hundred miles in length, and nearly two hundred across from the north-west point of Africa to the Arabian shore. It is remarkable for the violence of its current, the depth of its channel, and the shallowness of its shores. The tides at Suez are about five feet at neap and seven at spring. The name, Red Sea, is derived from large portions being covered with patches, from a few yards to some miles square, composed of microscopic vegetables, or animalcula, particularly abundant in spring, and which dye the water an intensely blood-red. When not affected by these organic beings, the deep waters are intensely blue, and the shoal waters shades of green. Contrary to expectation the water is not remarkably salt, the saline matter varying from 39·2 to 41 grains in 1000; the water at Havre yielding 36 in 1000, and at Marseilles 38, while at the Canaries it reaches 44. Dr. Buist estimates that the evaporation from the Red Sea is equal to eight feet annually, and that not more than one inch of rain, or rain-water is added in the same time, as although there are heavy rains on the shores, they are sucked up by the parched sand. He considers that the result of the enormous evaporation is to produce a constant descent of heavy salt water to the bottom of the sea; and when this heavy fluid rises to the level of the Mocha barrier, he thinks it falls over in an outward current, and is replaced by an upper inflowing current. In this manner he thinks the whole of the water is changed once a year. Just within the Straits is a fearfully hot portion of the sea, the highest temperature prevailing between 14° and 21° N. which is the great volcanic region. There the sea rarely falls lower than 80° even in the winter months. In March and April it mounts to 84°; by May it occasionally reaches 90°. The greatest heat is in September, when sea and air get occasionally above blood heat, and looking over the rails of the ship when the sea is in this state, and rain falls and cools the deck, the feeling is that of holding the head over a boiling cauldron. In November 1856, when the air was 82°, the sea rose to 106° between lat. 17° and 23°, but this was an exceptional case. In the Gulf of Suez the temperature is usually moderate. Appended to Dr. Buist's paper is an account of the soundings made by Captain Pullen for telegraphic purposes, which modifies his views. It appears that in lat. 10° 59' N., and long. 64° 27' N.E., the sounding was 1880 fathoms. Between Socotra and the Arabian coast 1500 fathoms in one place and 1200 in another.

FINE ARTS.

THE VERNON AND TURNER PICTURES AT
SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE new rooms at South Kensington, which have been built for the temporary accommodation of the British pictures lately removed from Marlborough House, will be opened to the public on Monday, December 5th, for the day exhibitions: the pictures will also be exhibited by gas-light on Monday and Tuesday evenings (free), and Wednesday evening by payment—but the time for commencing the evening exhibitions is not yet fixed.

For the first time will the Vernon and Turner bequests now stand a chance of being fairly appreciated by the public. Hitherto they have been rather concealed than exhibited. Here, in spacious and well-lighted rooms, every picture is placed in so good a light, and so nearly on a level with the eye, that all can be fully seen and conveniently examined. The new rooms, seven in number, consist of a Great Room, by which you enter, and two suites of three rooms each, smaller, but still spacious, which extend parallel to each other, but at right angles to the principal room. A doorway leads from the farthest of each of these suites to the rooms which contain the Sheepshanks pictures.

In the Great Room are placed all the British pictures belonging to the National Gallery, without including the Turner and Vernon pictures. On either side of the entrance are Lawrence's full-length portraits of Benjamin West, and John Kemble, as 'Hamlet'; and facing them, on each side of the opposite doorway, his portraits of Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Robertson. On the right-hand wall (besides a couple of pictures by Bassano and Caravaggio, removed here to relieve the National Gallery) are Hogarth's admirable portrait of himself, and his series of the 'Marriage à la Mode'; Gainsborough's 'Market Cart' and 'Watering-Place'; Reynolds's 'Graces' (which occupies the central post), 'Lord Heathfield,' the 'Infant Samuel,' 'Heads of Angels,' &c.; Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler,' 'Village Festival,' and so forth: whilst on the left wall we have the two noble Wilson landscapes, 'Niobe' and the 'Villa of Mæcenas'; Copley's 'Death of Chatham'; West's 'Healing the Sick' (which faces Sir Joshua's 'Graces'), and two or three other of his huge compositions; Constable's 'Corn-Field,' looking better than ever it looked since it has been in the National Collection; Hilton's 'Serena' and 'Edith,' &c. Something like a chronological sequence has thus, as will be seen, been preserved in the arrangement of this room—the works of each artist being placed together, and bounded by those of his contemporaries.

And this mode of arrangement has been, as far as possible, followed throughout. Without pedantically aiming at an impracticably strict chronological order, the works of each artist are kept together, and placed nearly according to time, the chronological sequence being, however, modified by the endeavour to arrive at an agreeable general effect, as well as to make the pictures assist rather than injure the appearance of each other. In this general effect, as well as in the appearance of the pictures individually, the visitor will, we anticipate, be very agreeably surprised; for whilst, as we have said, nearly every picture is well displayed, the *coup d'œil* is remarkably pleasing. Each room has, on either side, its central feature, and each carries you pleasantly forward to the next. The pictures have been placed and all the arrangements carried out by Mr. Wornum, who has performed his part admirably.

In the first of the Vernon Rooms are the Wilsons, Gainsboroughs, Louthboroughs, Stothards, Wilkies, Hiltons, Constables, and other elder names of that collection. In the second room Eastlake's masterpiece, 'Christ Weeping over Jerusalem,' occupies the central place on one side, with Turner's 'Golden Bough' and 'William III. at Torbay,' opposite it. In the third room the post of honour on the left is assigned to Maclise's 'Play Scene in Hamlet,' over which is placed the portrait of the munificent donor of the collection.

The central post on the opposite side is given to Landseer's large painting of 'Wellington revisiting Waterloo,' whilst almost a dozen other of the works of our great animal painter are grouped about it—those bequeathed by Mr. Vernon being on the nearer side, those bequeathed by Mr. Jacob Bell on the farther. The Bell pictures, we may almost say, will be now first seen by the public. The Landseers are those among them that stand out with the greatest power, but several of the others will prove, we have no doubt, very attractive.

The Turner Rooms show Turner as probably no other landscape painter has ever been seen. In these three rooms we have works ranging over no less than three-and-fifty years. Here we may trace him amidst all his change and growth, always daring grandly, and often, if not always, succeeding greatly. In the first room we may commence with the little 'Millbank Moonlight Scene' (459), the spot where was almost commenced his artistic career, and where his earthly days were ended; and through a hundred paintings follow him to the third room, where are some of the last pictures on which his pencil was employed. As we glance around the first room on the earlier pictures, we may trace the influence of one and another of the 'old masters,' yet never miss the independent mind. The 'Jason,' the 'Garden of the Hesperides,' the magnificent 'Shipwreck,' invisible, except in parts, at Marlborough House, may here be seen in their minutest details, and studied in comfort. In the second room we have, on the left, those works of his middle period in which, as in the 'Dido and Æneas leaving Carthage' (494), we arrive at the most perfect of the pictures which he painted partly in imitation of, partly in rivalry with, Claude; pictures—(this, at least, and the exquisite 'Crossing the Brook,' which hangs next it)—unrivalled for the management of the cool gray tints, the wonderful mastery of aerial perspective, and the breadth, firmness, and truth of handling. But from these the visitor should turn to the picture which hangs immediately opposite—the 'Italy' (516), which is just as much the perfection of Turner's original style, as those were of his imitative; and which to our thinking marks the consummation of his power as a landscape painter. In truth, this picture and its neighbour, the 'Bay of Baia,' would alone be sufficient to stamp Turner as the greatest and most imaginative of landscape painters, if there were not a whole gallery of paintings, and thousands of drawings, each in its way proclaiming the hand of a master, and altogether showing an extent of observation and resources, and a fertility of invention, quite without parallel.

The third room shows Turner in his latest period: a period of distorted intellect and declining powers; and yet a period in which some works were produced in which more of the poetry of art and more affluence of invention are displayed, than can be found in the best works of any other landscape painter of any age or country. The central picture is the glorious 'Fighting Temeraire,' over which hangs a suitable companion, 'The Burial of Wilkie'; while at the farther end is 'Phryne going to the Bath,' a work that, now it can be properly seen, should be examined closely by anyone who is sceptical as to Turner's fullness and accuracy of detail, range of perception, knowledge of nature, and richness of imagination.

The rooms themselves make little architectural pretension. Though temporary as to their present purpose, they are intended to serve permanently as exhibition rooms. They have therefore been constructed substantially, but plainly and inexpensively. They answer their purpose thoroughly. It may be doubted whether there is any other picture gallery in London so well lighted by day; we have not seen the rooms lighted by gas. The walls of the principal room are painted of a dark maroon, which serves very well for the sombre richness of Reynolds and Gainsborough, yet does not bring out too remorselessly the brick-dust hues of West and Copley. The Vernon and Turner rooms are painted of a dull grayish green, which suits

some of the pictures, but is far from harmonising with the majority. The rooms were built from the designs, and under the superintendence of Capt. Fowkes; the cost of the building, of which they form the upper story, has been about 10,000*l*. Although attached to the Museum of the Department of Science and Arts, the Gallery is entirely independent of the Department, remaining as before under the control of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

The visitor who may be led to South Kensington by the National pictures may be glad to know of a small, but interesting, collection of works of ornamental art, which has just been placed in a room in the basement of the new building. As we need hardly remind our readers, it is a part of the system at South Kensington to obtain for exhibition during a brief period, selections of specimens, from private collections, of articles similar in character to those in the Museum. These are often of great rarity and value, and as they only remain on view for a brief period, those who feel an interest in such matters do well not to lose the opportunity of inspecting them. The collection just deposited here is the property of H. Magniac, Esq., and its chief feature is an extensive and valuable series of Limoges enamels. Among the articles are several very elegant vases and tazze; a large casket, with eighteen plaques of subjects connected with the siege of Troy, the figures, of course, being all in mediæval costume; two or three smaller caskets; a large oval dish signed C. Rosa; and an extremely curious plaque of the Crucifixion, containing a multitude of figures in raised or "pearled" work, as well as several other articles. With this collection of Limoges, Mr. Magniac has also lent various specimens of Majolica; a couple of Palissy dishes—one of the usual reptile pattern, the other a Diana. But his contribution also includes a large variety of other mediæval articles: among the rest, a richly jewelled foot, and other reliquaries; brass croziers; a very fine pyx, and some other ecclesiastical instruments; a curious, if not unique, set of ivory draftsmen; a very fine niello; specimens of metal work, including a very elaborate lock; ivory carvings; some thirty early portraits, and several miniatures. Altogether the collection is one of much value and interest, and the liberality of its owner in thus placing it at the service of the public deserves every acknowledgment. To render it fully available to the public, however, the authorities should affix labels descriptive of at least the more remarkable articles.

In the same room is a painting of the 'Adoration of the Virgin' by Sandro Botticelli, which was purchased at the Northwick sale by Lord Elcho, who has lent it for exhibition at South Kensington. The picture has all the characteristics of the artist's manner. The Holy Child lies asleep on the ground, and the Mother kneels beside him in reverent contemplation. The background is formed by a large rose-bush and lofty rocks. As in all his works the outlines are hard, but in the face of the Virgin devotion is very beautifully expressed, with some mingling of that melancholy which Rio says is a distinctive characteristic of the Madonnas of Botticelli.

The last of the Northwick purchases, 'The Infancy of Jupiter,' by Giulio Romano, has been hung in the small room on the left as you enter the National Gallery, where it is very well seen, though it is in somewhat ill-assorted company. In its new place it has a rich and pleasing appearance. The picture is long, compared with its height. In the centre the infant Jupiter lies asleep in a wicker crib; his mother Rhea is lifting the veil which covers him, whilst two nymphs are watching his slumbers. At a distance on the right and left are Corybantes playing on musical instruments. The figures are all small, the scene being laid in the midst of a luxuriant landscape. Immediately behind the central group rises a grove of leafy trees, over the branches of which are twining vines with pendant purple grapes. On both sides is the sea, and waves are beating

against the foreground shore, showing how small is the little island in which the infant deity is concealed. In the extreme distance is Mount Ida. Throughout, the picture is painted with a good deal of spirit. The principal figures, all of which are nude, or nearly so, are in easy well-contrasted positions (though it is noticeable that the faces of Rhea and the Nymphs are all in profile), and the carnations have a glowing healthy tone. The landscape, which is painted in a larger and freer style than the figures, with something of the Venetian, if not Mantuan, manner of handling, may, it has been suggested, have been painted by Gio. Battista Dossi. Be that as it may, it is very skillfully painted, and the picture is an accession to the National Collection. It was purchased at Lord Northwick's sale for 929*l*. Formerly it was in the Orleans Gallery. When at Thirlestane House it was very dirty and apparently much damaged; but now it has been cleaned it appears to have suffered no material injury; and, as far as these foggy days would permit us to examine it, it presents little appearance of re-painting.

At Mr. Hogarth's, in the Haymarket, may be seen a couple of sketches in oil, of somewhat peculiar interest. They represent the 'Decollation of St. John,' and 'Herodias's Daughter with the head of the Baptist in a charger.' In the sale catalogue of Mr. J. Auldjo's pictures, they were set down as by Paul Veronese; but this was a palpable mal-appropriation, and Mr. Hogarth believes that he has ascertained them to be the work of his illustrious namesake—William Hogarth! Strange as this may seem, some very good judges have acquiesced in the appropriation. If they be his, Hogarth's capabilities as an historical painter have been much underrated. Certainly there is much resemblance in the mode of handling; and three or four of the figures are curiously like some in his pictures—as for example, in the 'Herodias's Daughter,' is a man much like his 'Paul before Felix'; another resembles his portrait of Quin; and a black boy is almost the counterpart of the black boy in the 'Rake's Progress' and 'Marriage à-la-Mode.' Dogs are introduced in each picture of very Hogarthian bearing; and a kitchen-maid and dish-rack in the palace of Herod is not unsuggestive of the Hogarth touch. On the other hand, the colour is richer and warmer than in any existing picture by him; but this is accounted for by the fact that the sketches were painted on paper, which has absorbed the oil, and left the colours in all their original freshness, whilst the surface has been from the first protected by a glass. We must be understood as not indorsing the bill: we only offer it for consideration. But be the sketches by whom they may, they ought to interest the artist who is laudably anxious about the preservation of his pictures. Here are a couple of hastily painted oil studies which, by whomsoever executed, are, after at least a century, as fresh as when they were first painted. And the secret of their preservation seems to consist in their having been painted on a really absorbent ground (the paper is quite brown at the back from the oil which has soaked through), and protected from the air by a glass.

Mr. Bacon's bronze statue of Mendelssohn was, on Tuesday, cast at the foundry of Messrs. Robinson & Cottam, Pimlico. It was cast in one piece, a ton and a-half of metal being employed in the casting. The site of the statue is not yet positively determined. The Mall, St. James's Park, is that selected by the Committee, but its confirmation awaits the Royal assent. On what special grounds St. James's Park should have been chosen, it is, however, difficult to see.

Marochetti's statue of Richard Coeur de Lion is, it is announced, to be erected in the open space opposite to the Peers' entrance to the New Palace at Westminster.

Some time back, it was announced that the directorship of the Kunstacademie of Berlin had been offered to Professor Rietschel, the sculptor of the Luther monument. We now learn, however, from Dresden, that Rietschel declines to leave that city.

It is with much regret we announce the death of Mr. FRANK STONE, A.R.A., who died almost suddenly on Friday the 18th inst., at his residence, Russell House, Tavistock Square. He was in his sixtieth year, having been born at Manchester on the 23rd of August, 1800. Mr. Stone is one among many of our painters who have secured a high place in their profession, though they did not adopt it till manhood. The son of a cotton-spinner, Frank Stone remained in his father's factory till his twenty-fourth year, when he abandoned business and adopted the calling to which his inclination had long pointed. After a brief provincial probation he removed to London, and was in 1831 elected an Associate, and in 1842 a Member of the Old Society of Painters in Water-Colours. To their exhibitions he never very largely contributed, however. His principal subjects were from Shakspeare and Scott, but the drawings of his which linger in the memory of those who like ourselves are old enough to remember the Water-Colour Gallery in those its palmy days, are rather the charming female studies in which he portrayed the purity and loveliness of our English fair with a grace and truth very seldom equalled: one of these little drawings, by the way, inspired Wordsworth to write one of the prettiest of his sonnets. But, tiring of the limits within which he was restricted by the vehicle in which he worked, Mr. Stone began to paint in oil, and in 1840 his first subject-picture in oil, the 'Legend of Montrose,' appeared in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. The following year another oil-painting, 'Philip van Artevelde,' obtained the prize at the British Institution—and water-colours were soon after abandoned. From his first appearance there, Mr. Stone, as he used to relate, with not unbecoming pride, maintained without an exception his place "on the line" at the Royal Academy exhibitions. But it was not till 1851, when he exhibited 'Bassanio receiving the news of Antonio's peril,' that he obtained admission as Associate within the outer court of the Academy. And there can be little doubt that it has been some disappointment to find year after year younger men called before him to the inner pale of the sanctuary. Mr. Stone's pictures cover a wide range of subjects, but they bear a considerable general resemblance. For a long while he dallied with sentiment which sometimes degenerated into sentimentalism. Of this kind it will suffice to mention 'The Bashful Lover and the Maiden Coy' (1842); 'The Last Appeal' (1843), and its companion 'The First Appeal' (1845); 'Cross Purposes' (1844); and 'The Impending Mate' and 'Mated' (1847), several of which had an extraordinary run of popularity as engravings. Tiring of these somewhat namby-pamby themes, he, in 1848, surprised his admirers by a grave, calm rendering of a scriptural subject, 'Christ and the woman of Bethany'; but the public seldom admits without reluctance the claim of a *genre* painter to enter as a competitor in the loftier walks of the profession, and after one more trial, 'The Master is Come' (1853), he withdrew to subjects in which he might hope to find readier acceptance. With the exception of a few sentimental subjects (of which that in the last exhibition, 'Friendship Endangered,' was one of his best), his later pictures have been chiefly of French peasant life: 'Bon Jour, Messieurs' (1857), 'The Missing Boat—Pas de Calais' (1858), 'The First Voyage,' and 'A little too late' (1859). Mr. Stone was one of the most graceful, and most careful of our painters. Few men exceeded him in telling a story clearly and simply, or in a direct appeal to the feelings. In the best meaning of the expression he was a ladies' painter—elegant, refined, pathetic. If he wanted something of masculine vigour, it was, perhaps, because being of an easy, genial, temperament, amidst troops of friends, and in prosperous circumstances, the sturdier qualities of his mind had never been called into requisition.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Returns of Admission for six days, ending Friday, Nov. 18th, 1859, 6320.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A pleasantly written comedy, entitled *The Late Lamented*, by the dramatically ubiquitous Mr. Tom Taylor, was produced at this theatre on Saturday. It is a piece full of quaint ideas, vivid repartee, and admirably condensed writing. We must add—it was an utter failure! Meanwhile the delectable *Romeo and Juliet* is being played nightly at the Strand to approving audiences. The *Marchioness* (Miss Reynolds) is *desolée* for *The Late Lamented*—her first husband, a Count. The second spouse, the *Marquis*, naturally grows a little weary of this domestic jeremiade, after the *Marchioness* has devoted many months to wailing, and he represents to her that this grief is preposterous, and that if all particulars get "to the knowledge of that long-eared ass—the public" (the words are Mr. Taylor's, not ours), they will be made to appear ridiculous. The *Marchioness* is disgusted with this practical way of exhibiting the position of things. The *Marquis*, leaving his lady's presence to seek comfort in nature, discovers in his own park an erection to the memory of *The Late Lamented* in the shape of a mural urn. This is an outrage, to be met by a second, hence he tears the tribute from its pedestal, and brings it into the house. "What is this?" he cries indignantly. "Plaster," says the *Marchioness*, and has to endure the shock of hearing her statutory designated as a "preposterous pot." However, the *Marchioness* is strong in the proper dignity of her sentiment, and the *Marquis* is reduced to despair, when suddenly a *Deus ex machina* appears in the quaint shape of *Frontin* (Mr. Buckstone), who has been the servant of *The Late Lamented* with whom he has suffered slavery in Algiers—the Count and *Frontin*, or rather *Frontin* and the Count, having been taken by a Corsair, when travelling to Spain on diplomatic matters. This *Frontin*, the high priest of lies, quite enjoyably promises to assure the *Marchioness* that the Count is alive, though he has not been so fortunate as to escape with *Frontin* from the Algerines, amongst whom the Count and his man had to endure the inglorious, though light, mission of hatching chickens, they being clothed for that pursuit in garments of feathers. The scene is now changed, for no sooner does the *Marchioness* hear that her "first" is alive, than she remembers that he was the worst of men—that his married life was a scandal. She now deplores that her Platonic marriage with the *Marquis* is at an end, and confesses that she loves him very much, whereupon the *Marquis* confesses his little plot, and having graciously sought the donation of the mural and plaster urn, he seizes the offensive composition, upon which, after some exertion, he bestows the yet more offensive appellation of "utensil," and casts the funeral machine through the window. The piece being all about the endeavour of the *Marquis* to convert Platonic affection into domestic love, and his aim succeeding, the curtain falls, and the brilliant little piece is concluded—to be strongly condemned by the audience when it is announced for repetition. It is perhaps paying a good compliment to Mr. Taylor by declaring that a piece written by him is taken from the French—the assertion proves that he can so translate a French piece as to make it as good as the original. It would be difficult to account for the failure of the piece. It is full of good things. When *Lizette* (Mrs. C. Mathews), who dutifully imitates her mistress by deploring the departure of *Frontin*, says that "life is a vale of tears," the admirably practical remark by the *Marquis*, "Then it ought to be drained," is met by the audience with one general shout of laughter! An equal amount of applause is bestowed upon Mr. Mathews, when he describes the weeping mistress and accompanying maid as "a joint-stock watering-pot." The acting was admirable, the dresses delightful, the set-scene captivating, and yet *The Late Lamented* was an undoubted failure!

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—A comedietta, of a similar kind to *The Late Lamented*, was pro-

duced at this house on Wednesday, and it is a vexatious fact, that while Mr. Taylor's brilliantly written piece is an absolute failure, *Gossip*, the title given to the Princess's production, written absolutely without any style or effect whatever, is very fairly successful. And this result does not depend upon the acting, for while the characters in *The Late Lamented* are admirably filled and sustained, the greater number of the *dramatis persone* in *Gossip* are not only misplaced, but they know it. Mr. Ryder in light comedy will never do. No one can be more fully aware of this than Mr. Ryder himself. Indeed the only successful delineation was that by Mr. Shore, who is deservedly rising in the public estimation; as he should; for a more painstaking actor is not to be found. The piece *Les Femmes Terribles*, or, in other words, *Gossip*, is one of those pretty little French trifles which precede the heavy pieces in Parisian theatres, are almost without plot, and entirely dependent for success on dialogue and finished acting. *Mrs. Chatterton* (Mrs. Charles Young) has a horror of stupidity and rapid silence; in plainer words, she is a gossip, and on one occasion she enlivens that dreary ante-dinner period, during which Time usually seems to be arrested, by narrating an interview she has mentally photographed in Kensington Gardens, between *Mrs. Beresford*, a celebrated belle, and of course an intimate friend of *Mrs. Chatterton's*, and a gentleman unknown. Unhappily *Mr. Beresford* is in the room and with the calm fury of a well-bred but jealous husband he demands the name of the gentleman. *Mrs. Chatterton's* gossiping confidences cannot be carried to this desired extent, hence *Mr. Beresford* commences a social siege, and is perpetually making the inquiry, "His name, madam!" Park, opera, shop, causeway; at all times and in all weathers this question is pertinaciously dinned into *Mrs. Chatterton's* ears; nay a brief telegram is used to obtain the desired answer. And it is only when *Mr. Beresford* ascertains that *Mrs. Chatterton* does not gossip from a bad heart, and chatters but for the love of speaking, that he releases her from his persecution, by informing the lady that the unknown gentleman who met his wife in Kensington Gardens was—himself. And, as though to prove beyond all doubt that *Mrs. Chatterton* is not libellous and devoted to mischief, she helps to save an unworldly youth, who not only commits the fault of falling in love with a married woman, but would add to the injury by open confession of the fact to the husband himself. Somebody, with the calm sense of a man in society, cleverly substitutes a newly-directed envelope for the one which enclosed the preposterous youth's rhapsody, and the missive, which might have done the execution of a well-directed bombshell, is rendered quite valueless. *Mrs. Chatterton* does all she can to aid this plan, and so having proved herself one of the best of her sex, she can welcome the descent of the curtain with her sweetest smiles. *Mrs. Young*, however, did not seem to care much for her part; while *Mr. Ryder*, in his C. Mathewsonian character, did his best to elevate the little piece into a tragedy. Of *Mr. Shore's* acting in this piece we have spoken—he played the ingenious lover.

ALHAMBRA.—A performing bull has made his bow here by lowering his horns in the most gentlemanly to quite a large, and indeed critical, audience. That he performs with considerable exhibition of uncommon sense—for a bovine comedian—the least favourable critic must admit; indeed Don Juan is well named, for he is an elegant, even a captivating creature; and it is not his fault if he should induce the doctrine of metempsychosis to become manifest in one or two imaginative Englishmen. Don Juan goes through all the regular circus business, leaping poles, taking hurdles, and even going to the extent of crashing through a paper disc stretched over a hoop. Graceful in himself, he is not very agile in his performances, which create no ecstasy except in the stable mind; yet upon that principle which would draw a better filled opera house to hear a *prima donna* sing standing on her head

than to hear Grisi in *Norma*, Don Juan, by the mere originality of his genius, is actually performing the hitherto unheard of feat of filling those wilds of space entitled the Alhambra. Don Juan is chaired at the end of the performance, and is carried round the circus on the shoulders of six sentient men. The uninitiated may be struck with the idea that, under these circumstances, the unhappy bull assimilates to the Guy; but the idea is ill-founded. He looks so preternaturally wise under the affliction, so infinitely more learned than his porters, that he rather suggests the idea of the Egyptian Bubastis, than that November palladium of the English church. In conclusion, we would rather look down upon Don Juan than look up to him, for we have been mysteriously but creditably informed that this Spanish production has not only a temper, but has been unamiable enough to exhibit this little drawback by a remarkably lively chase after two members of his newly appointed London bodyguard. Should this new performer reason himself into the exhibition of a razzia when the eye of the public is upon him, the event might be exceedingly exciting to the boxes, but it would not be equally satisfactory to the pit.

It is rumoured that Her Majesty's Theatre is about to be opened for dramatic performances, the prices of admission to that once aristocratic house to be so low as to admit of a sixpenny gallery. We hear that the idea of this speculation has arisen from professional rivalry.

Mme. Celeste's bill is now before the public. With the exception of the talented lessee, Mr. Walter Lacy, and Miss Julia St. George, it must be confessed, even by Mme. Celeste's best friend—herself, that the company contains few attractive actors and actresses. The theatre opens with a piece of *diablerie*. The titles of Mr. T. Taylor's new pieces are not yet announced.

NEW MUSIC.

Thou art Fair. By Wm. Seymour Smith. (London: George Peachey.) This is a very ambitious and somewhat difficult song, being set too high for the ordinary range of amateur singers. It has some very pleasing passages, and will repay the attention of those who have tolerable command of the upper notes.

Greeting, Polacca. (London: Borchizi.) A spirited production, well harmonised. We much prefer the vocal part to the brilliant introduction for the piano, the latter having some very abrupt changes of harmony, which are anything but agreeable to our ears.

Jubilate Deo. By the Rev. J. Green. (London: Harry May.) This is well and richly scored for choral service, but is equally suitable for families who cultivate part singing.

The Chanter's Excelsior; Psalmody. (London: Tallant & Allen.) The former contains a great deal of very useful matter to those who feel an interest in the congregational chanting now so much in vogue. The system introduced is simple, and admits of almost universal application. "Psalmody" is a collection of well-chosen psalm tunes. Some are original, and have short interludes, to obviate the necessity of playing over the entire tune, a practice which is pretty general, though somewhat tedious. Both these publications have an arrangement which will be a great boon to singers, whether amateur or professional; that is, the transfer of the C clef to the third space for both tenor and counter-tenor parts, affording great facility for taking parts at sight.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 19th Nov. 1889, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3033; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 2543. On the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 839; one students' evening, Wednesday, 233. Total, 6648. From the opening of the Museum, 1,136,080.

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shopkeeper no doubt felt too keenly the humiliation of having
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own shop to attempt a repetition of such deception, and it
would be well if all shopkeepers who are guilty of similar practices
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Proposals for insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above;
at the Branch Office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the Agents
throughout the kingdom. SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

(Established in 1820, 39, King Street, Chancery Lane, E.C., London.)

This is a purely Mutual Life Assurance Society, with a Capital of
350,000, invested in Government and Real Securities, created en-
tirely by the steady accumulation of the premiums, and all belonging
to the members. The assurances in force are 1,400,000, and the
income upwards of 60,000, per annum.

No extra charge to assurers joining Volunteer Rifle or Artillery
Corps.

N.B. All Policies taken out on or before the 31st December, 1859,
will have the advantage of one year in every Annual Bonus.

NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY.

61, PRINCES' STREET, EDINBURGH.

67, SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

Incorporated by Royal Charter and Act of Parliament, 1809.

New Assurances during the past year £577,425 0 0
Yielding in New Premiums 12,565 18 8
Profit realised since the last septennial investigation 136,629 5 0

Bonus declared of 1l. 5s. per cent. PER ANNUM on every policy
opened prior to December 31st, 1858.

Fire Premiums received in 1858 31,345 16 5

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Prospectuses, Forms of Proposals, &c., may be obtained at the
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ACCIDENTS ARE OF DAILY OCCURRENCE.

INSURANCE DATA SHOW THAT ONE
PERSON IN EVERY FIFTEEN IS MORE OR LESS IN-
JURED BY ACCIDENT EVERY YEAR.

An annual payment of 2s. secures a fixed allowance of 6l. per week
in the event of injury, or 1000l. in case of death, from Accidents of
every description, by a policy in the RAILWAY PASSENGERS'
ASSURANCE COMPANY, which has already paid in compensation
for Accidents 37,069l.

Forms of Proposal and Prospectuses may be had at the Company's
Office, and at all the principal Railway Stations, where also RAIL-
WAY ACCIDENTS ALONE may be insured against by the Journey or
year. No charge for Stamp Duty. Capital One Million.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.
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Office, 3, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

INSTITUTED 1801.

HEAD OFFICE:—26, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

The profits are divided every three years, and wholly belong to the
members of the Society. The last division took place at 1st March,
1859, and from the results of it is taken the following

EXAMPLE OF ADDITIONS.

A Policy for £1,000, DATED 1st MARCH, 1832,
is now increased to 1,540 17s. 5d. Supposing the age of the Assured
at the date of entry to have been 40, these Additions may be sur-
rendered to the Society for a present payment of 265l. 17s. 5d., or such
surrender would not only redeem the entire premium on the Policy,
but also entitle the party to a present payment of 104l. 4s. and, in
both cases, the Policy would receive future tremulous additions.

THE EXISTING ASSURANCES AMOUNT TO £3,272,207
THE ANNUAL REVENUE £187,240
THE ACCUMULATED FUND (arising solely from the
Contributions of Members) £1,194,637

ROBT. CHRISTIE, Manager.

WM. FINLAY, Secretary.

LONDON OFFICE, 25, POULTRY, E.C.

ARCHD. T. HITCHIE, Agent.

MONEY! MONEY! UNITED KINGDOM ADVANCE ASSOCIATION, OFFICES—

24, MANCHESTER STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON.

LOANS from 5l. to 1000l. granted to all parts
of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, at 5 per
cent., upon personal security, within three clear days. Forms of
application sent upon receipt of three postage stamps.

D. DEARIE, Secretary.

Also advances to any amount on property.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.—BANK OF

DEPOSIT (Established A.D. 1844), No. 3, Pall Mall East,
London, S.W.—THE WARRANTS for the HALF-YEARLY IN-
TEREST, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, on Deposit Accounts,
to the 30th June, are ready for delivery, and payable daily between
the hours of 10 and 4. PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.
June 11th, 1859.

Prospectuses and forms sent free on application.

KNOW THYSELF!—The secret art of dis-

covering the true CHARACTER of INDIVIDUALS from the
peculiarities of their HANDWRITING, has long been practised
by MARIE COUPILLE with astonishing success. Her startling
delineations are both full and detailed, differing from anything
hitherto attempted. All persons wishing to "know themselves," or
any friend in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of their
writing, stating sex and age, including thirteen penny post stamps
to Miss Couppille, 69, Castle Street, Oxford Street, London, and they
will receive, in a few days, a minute detail of the mental and moral
qualities, talents, tastes, affections, virtues, &c. of the writer, with
many other things hitherto unsuspected. "I am pleased with the
accurate description you have given of myself."—Miss Jones.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR.

WHISKERS, &c. ROSALIE COUPILLE'S CRINUTHIAK
is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Moustaches, &c. in a few weeks,
and restore the Hair in baldness from whatever cause, strengthen it
when weak, prevent its falling out, and effectually check greyness in
all its stages. For the nursery it is recommended by upwards of
100 Physicians, for promoting a fine, healthy head of hair, and
achieving baldness in later years. Sold by all Chemists, price 2s., or
sent post free on receipt of 24 penny stamps, by Miss Couppille, 69,
Castle Street, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London. Mrs. Carter
writes, "My head, which was bald, is now covered with new hair."
—Margt. Graven. "Through using it, I have an excellent moustache."
—Mr. Yates. "The young man has now a good pair of whiskers. I
want two packets for other customers."

AN ACT OF CHARITY.—A Gentleman having

been cured of Nervous Debility of long standing, and after
much mental and bodily suffering, thinks it but charitable to render
such information to others similarly situated as may restore them to
health. Full particulars sent to any address, by enclosing two postage
stamps to prepay postage.—Address, THOMAS HOWARD, Esq., Clive
House, near Birmingham.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

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BY ROYAL COMMAND.

JOSEPH GILLOTT begs most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholarly Institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and, in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions, which for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, he believes will ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

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WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS, which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens.—Merchants and wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham Street, 96, New Street, Birmingham; No. 91, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; and at 27, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

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BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

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TRUSS, requiring no steel spring round the body, is recommended for the following peculiar advantages:—1st, facility of application; 2nd, perfect freedom from liability to chafe or excoriate; 3rd, it may be worn with equal comfort in any position of the body, by night or day; 4th, it admits of every kind of exercise without the slightest inconvenience to the wearer, and is perfectly concealed from observation.

"We do not hesitate to give to this invention our unqualified approbation, and we strenuously advise the use of it to all those who stand in need of that protection, which they cannot so fully, nor with the same comfort, obtain from any other apparatus or truss as from that which we have the highest satisfaction in thus recommending."—*Church and State Gazette.*

Recommended by the following eminent Surgeons:—**William Ferguson, Esq., F.R.S.,** Professor of Surgery in King's College, Surgeon to the King's College Hospital, &c.; **C. G. Guthrie, Esq.,** Surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital; **W. Bowman, Esq., F.R.S.,** Assistant Surgeon to King's College Hospital; **T. Callaway, Esq.,** Senior Assistant Surgeon to Guy's Hospital; **W. Coulson, Esq.,** Surgeon to the Hospital; **F. Blandard, Esq.,** Surgeon to the London Hospital; **W. J. Fisher, Esq.,** Surgeon-in-chief to the Metropolitan Police Force; **Aston Key, Esq.,** Surgeon to Prince Albert; **Robert Liston, Esq., F.R.S.,** James Luke, Esq., Surgeon to the London Truss Society; **Erasmus Wilson, Esq., F.R.S.,** and many others.

A descriptive circular may be had by Post, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) can be forwarded by Post, on sending the circumference of the body two inches below the hips to the Manufacturer,

MR. WHITE, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 6d. Price of an Umbilical Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 10d.

Post-office orders to be made payable to John White, Post-office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the Faculty as being perfectly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s. each, postage 6d.

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Specimens may be seen at the Crystal Palace.

BARNES & CO.'S WINDOW POLISH

for quickly and effectually CLEANING and POLISHING PLATE and other GLASS WINDOWS, MIRRORS, &c., and instantly removing GREASE and the DEPOSIT of GAS, &c.

"By the use of this Paste 75 per cent. of labour, time, and expense will be saved, and a far clearer appearance produced."

Sold in 3d., 6d., and 1s. Boxes, Everywhere.

MANUFACTORY, CAMDEN ROAD, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.

TESTIMONIALS.

61 and 62, St. Paul's Church Yard, and 58 and 59, Paternoster Row, London, March 13th, 1890.

Gentlemen,—Having tried your Patent Window Polish upon our Plate Glass, Chandeliers, and Front, we are happy to state the effect has been beyond our expectations. We beg therefore to request you will forward us, at your earliest convenience, a dozen boxes of the Polish.

We are, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,

To Messrs. Barnes & Co. **AMOTT, BROTHERS, & Co.**

66, St. Paul's Churchyard, March 23rd, 1890.

Gentlemen,—Having used the box of Window Polish left with us, and finding it answers every purpose it professes to do, request you will forward one dozen of your sixpenny boxes. **G. H. SMITH & Co.**

Gloucester House, Ludgate Hill, 26th March, 1890.

Gentlemen,—We have tried the sample of Window Polish left with us, and are perfectly satisfied with it, and shall feel obliged by your sending us one dozen of sixpenny boxes. **JOHN HAVLEY & Co.**

Argyll House, 236, 238, 260, and 262, Regent Street, March 24th, 1890.

Gentlemen,—The Window Polish we have had from you appears to be a very effective article for cleaning Glass, and saving time in the work; we will thank you to send half-a-dozen boxes at your convenience. We are, yours, &c., **HORS & ONCHARD.**

Wholesale Agents, **BATTY & CO.,** Finsbury Pavement.

THE PATENT GLASS MEDICINE MIXER

is superior to Spoons or other articles of Metal that corrode. &c. No invalid should, in Town or Country, be without one. Chemists, medicine vendors, and others requiring agencies, may apply to

R. COGAN, Patentee, 4, Red Lion Square, London.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE

WITH THE

BEST ARTICLES

AT

DEANE'S

ESTABLISHED, A.D. 1700.

DEANE'S TABLE CUTLERY has been celebrated for more than 150 years for quality and cheapness. The stock is extensive and complete, affording a choice suited to the taste and means of every purchaser.

PRICES.—					
Best Transparent Ivory—			Per pair s. d.		
Per doz.	s. d.	Per doz.	s. d.	Per pair	s. d.
Table knives.....33	0	Dessert do.....28	0	Carvers.....11	0
Best ditto—					
Table knives.....29	0	Dessert do.....23	0	Carvers.....9	0
Fine ditto—					
Table knives.....23	0	Dessert do.....18	0	Carvers.....7	6
Good ditto—					
Table knives.....16	0	Dessert do.....12	0	Carvers.....5	6
Kitchen—					
Table knives.....10	0	Dessert do.....9	0	Carvers.....2	6

Ladies' Scissors of the finest steel, the most finished workmanship, and in choice variety. Scissors in handsome cases adapted for presents. Penknives and every description of pocket cutlery. Deane's Monument Razor has been 150 years before the public, and is a plain, thoroughly good Old English Razor. Price 2s. 6d.

DOMESTIC BATHS.—A very large variety of SHOWER BATHS of the most improved construction, also, vapour, hip, plunging, sponging, nursery, and every description of Baths for domestic use. DEANE'S BATHS are distinguished for their superior finish, strength of material, and great durability; while the prices are on that low scale for which their establishment has so long been celebrated.

For Illustrations and Prices see their Pamphlet on "Baths and Bathing," to be had gratuitously, on application.

DRAWING-ROOM STOVES.—A large and handsome collection of BRIGHT STOVES, for the Drawing or Dining-room, embracing all the newest Designs. DEANE & Co. have applied to these and other classes of Register Stoves, Patented Improvements, economising the consumption of Fuel, for which the highest Testimonials have been given.

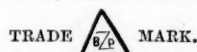
Hot Air Stoves, in New and Ornamental Patterns, with ascending or descending flues, suitable for Churches, Public Buildings, Halls, Shops, &c.

SPOONS AND FORKS.—Silver Pattern Spoons and Forks.—All the newest and best designs of these Cheap, useful, and elegant Articles in Electro-Silvered and Deanean Plate.

Prices of Electro-plated Spoons and Forks:—			
Table Forks.....	per doz.	28s.	31s.
Table Spoons.....	"	40s.	31s.
Dessert Forks.....	"	28s.	23s.
Dessert Spoons.....	"	30s.	24s.
Tea Spoons.....	"	18s.	14s. 6d.
Mustard and Salt Spoons.....	"	Sugar Bowls, 3s. 6d.	

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**BROWN & POLSON'S****PATENT CORN FLOUR,**

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Delicious in Puddings, Custards, Blancmange, Cake &c., and especially suited to the delicacy of children and invalids. The *Lancet* states "This is superior to anything of the kind known." Trade Mark and Recipes on each Packet, 4s. and 16 oz. Obtain it where inferior articles are not substituted, from Family Grocers, Chemists, Confectioners, and Corn Dealers.

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LATOR (Geylin's Patent), the only one in the world by which the flame from Argand, Fish-tail, and all other Burners remains invariable under all variations of pressure, and the cost of each light is less than One Farthing per hour. Can be fixed horizontally, close to, or distant from the Burner, is ornamental, simple in construction, consisting of a double chamber, the inner perforated, covered with a diaphragm, giving action to a spherical valve.—Price 3s. each, one sent on receipt of 3s. 6d. in postage stamps.

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THE HYGIENIC SPRING LATHS BEDSTEAD

(Geylin's Patent), combining the advantages of Metallic Bedsteads with the comfort of a Spring Mattress at less than half the cost. Certified by medical men as the best and most comfortable bedstead ever invented; invaluable for hot climates; cannot be soiled by any vermin.

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GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH is the only Starch used in Her Majesty's Laundry, and as some unprincipled parties are now making and offering for sale an imitation of the Glenfield Starch, we hereby caution all our customers to be careful, when purchasing, to look at the word **GLENFIELD** is on each packet, to copy which is felony.

WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW AND LONDON.

THE EUROPEAN & COLONIAL WINE COMPANY.

No. 122, PAUL MALL, S.W.

THE above Company has been formed for the purpose of supplying the Nobility, Gentry, and Private Families with PURE WINES of the highest character, at a saving of at least 30 per cent.

SOUTH AFRICAN SHERRY.....	20s. & 24s. per doz.
SOUTH AFRICAN PORT.....	20s. & 24s.
The finest ever imported in this country.	
ROYAL VICTORIA SHERRY.....	32s.
A truly excellent and natural wine.	
SPARKLING EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE.....	38s.
Equal to that usually charged 60s. per doz.	
SPLENDID OLD PORT.....	42s.
Ten years in the wood.	
PALE COGNAC BRANDY.....	52s. & 60s.
Bottles and packages included, and free to any London Railway Station.	

Terms cash. Country orders to be accompanied with a remittance.

Price Lists sent free on application.

WILLIAM REID TIPPING, Manager.

WINE NO LONGER AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

OUR VERY SUPERIOR PORTS, SHERRY, MADEIRA, &c., of which we hold an extensive stock, are now in brilliant condition, at TWENTY SHILLINGS PER DOZEN, being imported from the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, they are only charged half the usual duty.

Pint samples of either sent for 12 Stamps.

Delivered free to any London Railway Terminus. Terms, cash, or approved reference prior to delivery.

"I find your wine to be pure and unadulterated, and I have no doubt its being far more wholesome than the artificial mixtures too often sold for genuine Sherry."

"**HY. LETHBRIDGE, M.D.,** London Hospital."

The Analysis of Dr. Lethbridge sent free on application.

BRANDY, 15s. per gallon.

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EAU-DE-VIE.—This pure PALE BRANDY, though only 16s. per gallon, is demonstrated, upon analysis, to be peculiarly free from acidity, and very superior to recent importations of veritable Cognac. In French bottles, 34s. per dozen; or securely packed in a case for the country, 5s.

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PURE SCOTCH MALT WHISKY.

DONALD DUNCAN'S PURE SCOTCH MALT WHISKIES are CHEAPER, MORE WHOLESOME, and FAR SUPERIOR to the finest FRENCH BRANDY.

ROYAL BALMORAL, a very fine, mild, and mellow spirit..... 15s. per gallon.

THE PRINCE'S USQUEBAUGH, a much-admired and delicious spirit..... 18s. "

DONALD DUNCAN'S celebrated Registered D.D. WHISKY, of extraordinary quality and age..... 20s. "

Two gallons of either of the above sent to any port, or sample forwarded for 12 stamps. Terms, Cash.

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ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE, in the finest condition,

is now being delivered by **HARRINGTON PARKER & CO.**—This celebrated Ale, recommended by Baron Liebig and all the faculty, is supplied in bottles and in casks of 18 gallons and upwards by **HARRINGTON PARKER & CO.,** Wine and Spirit Merchants, 55, Pall Mall, London.

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HOUSES, 66 and 67, CORNHILL, E.C.—OUTFITS for Australia, India, and China, for Naval and Military Officers, Cadets, Midshipmen, and Civilians; clothing for gentlemen's home use, viz., Naval and Military uniforms and civilian dress of the best material and workmanship, shirts, hosiery, gloves, &c., ladies' outfits; furniture for camp, barracks, cabin, and colonial use, embracing every variety of cabinet work, canteens, trunks, portmanteaus, &c., suited to all climates.

Manufactory, Silvertown (opposite H.M. Dockyards), Woolwich.

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ONLY ONE APPLICATION.

INSTANTANEOUS, INDELIABLE, HARMLESS, & SCENTLESS.

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What diseases are more fatal in their consequences than neglected Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, or Lungular Affections? The first and best remedy is **KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.** Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 10d., and 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by **THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.** Retail by all druggists, &c.

KEATING'S PALE NEWFOUNDLAND COD

LIVER OIL, perfectly pure, having been analysed, reported on, and recommended by **Professors TAYLOR and THOMSON, of Guy's** and **St. Thomas's Hospitals**, who, in the words of the late Dr. **FRANKLIN**, say that "the finest oil is that most devoid of colour, odour, and Rancor," characters this will be found to possess in a high degree. Half pints 1s. 6d., Pints 2s. 6d., Quarts 4s. 6d.—**79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.**